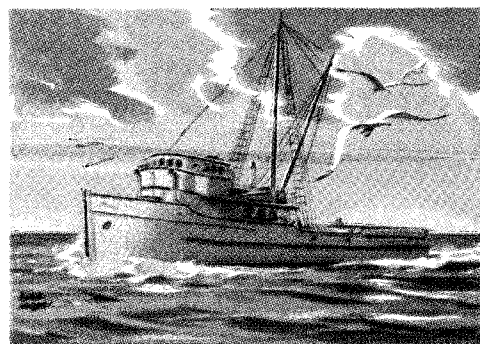
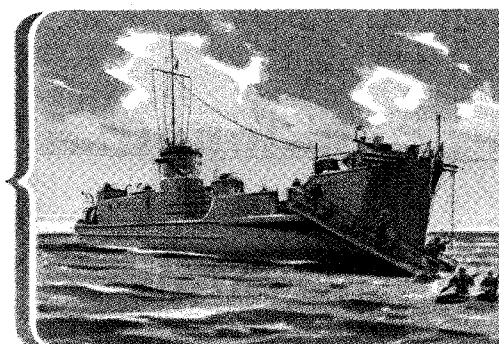
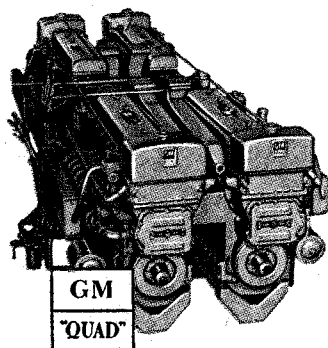
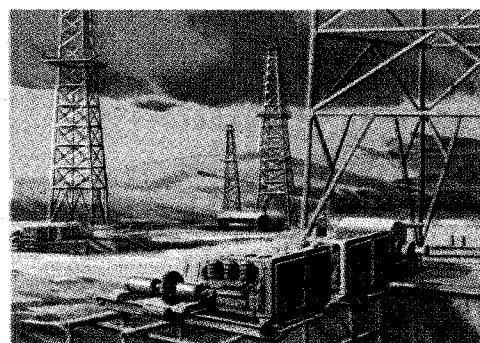
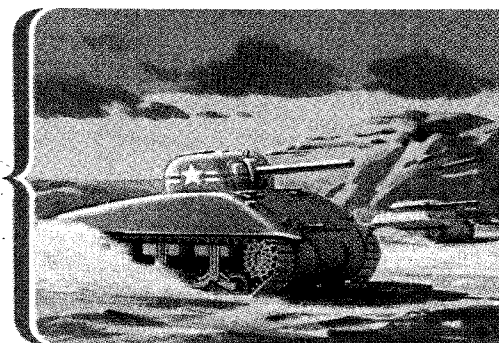
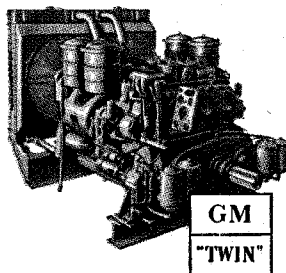
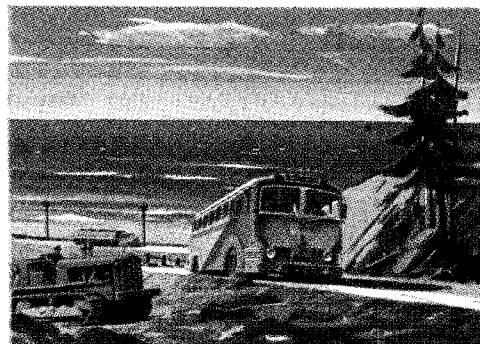
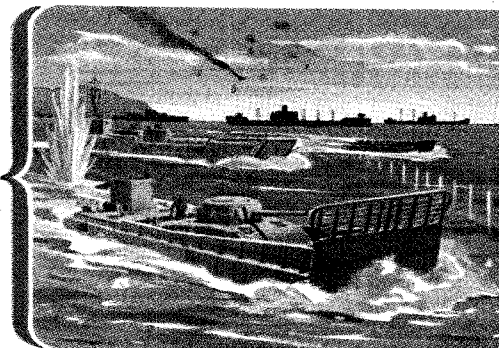
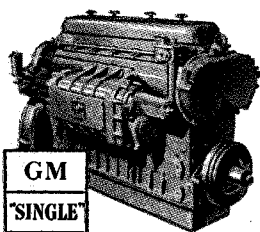


★ June 9, 1945

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THE NEW YORKER





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THE MEN'S FLOOR

LORD & TAYLOR

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANNA LUCASTA—The Broadway version of an all-Negro play that made its first appearance in Harlem and is certainly something for you to see. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director and Hilda Simms is in the cast. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE BARRETTES OF WIMPOLE STREET—Katharine Cornell and Brian Aherne in a revival of the 1931 hit. Directed by Guthrie McClintic and produced by Miss Cornell. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30. Closes Sat., June 9.)

A BELL FOR ADAMO—Paul Osborn's dramatization of John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy. Fredric March's restrained performance makes up for whatever defects there may be in the script. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

DARK OF THE MOON—An American folk legend about a witch boy and a mortal girl turns out very agreeable in the hands of an excellent cast, including Carol Stone and Richard Hart. With some fine old songs. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

DEAR RUTH—A comedy about a girl and a soldier that is a good deal like a lot of others but still quite pleasant. Virginia Gilmore, Lenore Lonergan, and Howard Smith are in the cast. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

FOOLISH NOTION—A lot of people try to imagine what it would be like if a dead hero came back, including Philip Barry, the author. Nobody seems to get very far with the idea, with the possible exception of Tallulah Bankhead. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30. Closes Sat., June 9.)

FOXHOLE IN THE PARLOR—Elsa Shelley's rather dreamy prescription for a permanent peace as voiced by a psychoneurotic soldier. With Russell Hardie, Flora Campbell, and Grace Coppin. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE GLASS MENAGERIE—A tremendously touching story about a mother who tries to bully her whole family into happiness. Beautifully played by a cast consisting of Laurette Taylor, Eddie Dowling, Julie Haydon, and Anthony Ross. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

HARVEY—About a man who takes up with a six-foot rabbit, and one of the most engaging fantasies in years. Frank Fay and Josephine Hull give magnificent performances. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE HASTY HEART—A rather contrived play about how a beautiful nurse and some sympathetic comrades humanize a dying soldier. Anne Burr and Richard Basehart have the leading rôles. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

I REMEMBER MAMA—John van Druten's moving and humorous adaptation of the Kathryn Forbes novel of a Norwegian family in San Francisco. Mady Christians and Oscar Homolka head a cast which also includes Joan Tetzel (to be replaced by Frances Heflin on Mon., June 11) and Adrienne Gessner. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the fortunate producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

KISS AND TELL—A frail little comedy about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Largely redeemed by George Abbott's direction and a competent cast headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Moves on Mon., June 11, to the Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

KISS THEM FOR ME—Richard Widmark, Dennis King, Jr., and Richard Davis in an adaptation of "Shore Leave," that seems to lack a little something of the quality of the original. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE LATE GEORGE APLEY—A very intelligent treatment of John Marquand's novel about Boston. Leo G. Carroll's portrait of Apley is nearly perfect. With Janet Beecher and Percy Waram. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

LIFE WITH FATHER—This high-spirited comedy, based



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 7, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 16.

on the late Clarence Day's stories, is now in its sixth year. Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40, PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

OTHELLO—A brief return engagement of the Margaret Webster production. With Paul Robeson, Uta Hagen, and José Ferrer. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55, CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Fri., at 8:20. Mat. Sat. at 2:20. Closes Sun., June 10.)

THE OVERTONS—A familiar piece about one of those marriages that are always threatening to break up but somehow never do. With Arlene Francis (through Sat., June 9), Glenda Farrell, Jack Whiting, and Walter N. Greaza. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

TEN LITTLE INDIANS—Something about a mad assassin and a lonely island. Not quite as good as the Agatha Christie mystery from which it was adapted, but it's still pleasant enough for those who like multiple murder. With Halliwell Hobbes, Estelle Winwood, and Michael Whalen. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. Betty Field, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie are the whole cast, and they're all fine. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

WITH MUSIC

BLOOMER GIRL—A big, beautiful show somewhat handicapped by a rather routine book and not

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
THE ART GALLERIES	63
BOOKS	66
THE CURRENT CINEMA	50
LETTER FROM BERTCHESGADEN	46
LETTER FROM LONDON	61
MUSICAL EVENTS	57
OF ALL THINGS	36
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
FEMININE FASHIONS	52
THE RACE TRACK	45
THE THEATRE	37

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET

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exactly memorable music. Agnes de Mille's ballets, however, are superb, and the cast, which includes Joan McCracken, Nanette Fabray, and Mabel Talianferro, is remarkably attractive. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

CAROUSEL—This musical version of "Liliom" is another triumph for Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rouben Mamoulian is the director. A Theatre Guild production. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

CONCERT VARIETIES—Billy Rose's latest enterprise is long on dancing but a little short on everything else. The acts include the Katherine Dunham Dancers, Rosario and Antonio, Zero Mostel, and Imogene Coca. Deems Taylor is Master of Ceremonies. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54, CI 5-5200. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 3.)

FOLLOW THE GIRLS—Gertrude Niesen in a nice musical about nothing very much. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book, and the cast includes Jackie Gleason. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

HOLLYWOOD PINAFLORE—Sir Arthur Sullivan and plain George S. Kaufman have transplanted Buttercup and her friends to California with not very happy results. Victor Moore and William Gaxton head a cast that includes Shirley Booth, Mary Wickes, Annamary Dickey, and Gilbert Russell. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

LAFFING ROOM ONLY—Frank Libuse does his best to redeem this latest Olsen and Johnson frolic, but it is still pretty dull and tasteless stuff. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50, CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

MEMPHIS BOUND—Bill Robinson stirs his ancient stumps with amazing agility in this all-Negro musical that is very fine in a burlesque of "Pinafore" but a little mixed up the rest of the way. With Avon Long, Sheila Guys, Billy Daniels, and the Delta Rhythm Boys. (Broadway, B'way at 53, CI 7-2887. Moves on Mon., June 11, to the Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OKLAHOMA!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," by Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers, that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

ON THE TOWN—A carefree show about three sailors and their girls that may remind you of things like "The Garrick Gaieties." With Sono Osato and Nancy Walker. Heartily recommended. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., June 7, at 2:40.)

SONG OF NORWAY—An operetta based on the life of Grieg, whose music has been very skillfully adapted. The book is sometimes rather painful, but the show is otherwise a good job. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

UP IN CENTRAL PARK—Boss Tweed and his gang set to music and handsomely presented by Michael Todd. Sigmund Romberg wrote the score, which is very satisfactory, and Herbert and Dorothy Fields are responsible for the book, which may be a little laborious. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59, CI 7-3121. Moves on Mon., June 11, to the Broadway, B'way at 53, CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

ICE SHOW—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49, CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

DANCE RECITALS—The New Dance Group, including the Dudley-Maslow-Bales Trio and Pearl Primus, in a series of programs: Thurs. through Sat. Eves., June 14-16, at 8:30; and (for children) Sat. Aft., June 16, at 2:30. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44, LA 4-1000, Ext. 362.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT—The Children's Opera Company presenting "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs": Sat. and Sun., June 9-10, at 2:30 P.M. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 6 Ave. at 58, CI 7-7000.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places where you will find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or

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"but darling,
Saks Fifth Avenue
and I wanted
to surprise you"

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings. Fifty-second Street, at the moment, is apt to be pot luck, for entertainers seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice or less.)

AMBASSADOR GARDEN, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra playing its polite dance music in this cool and subterranean summerhouse.

BILTMORE ROOF, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—An old favorite, uninhabited for quite a while, is again in business, with Cardini (one of our more expert magicians), the dance team of Fred and Elaine Barry, and Henry Busse's orchestra.

CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Grade-A merriment by Jimmy Savo, folk songs by Josh White, dances by Beatrice Kraft, and slightly overwrought music by Phil Moore's orchestra.

CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—This timeless cavern has Imogene Coca and her cantankerous comedy, jazz piano by Mary Lou Williams and Cliff Jackson, songs by Ann Hathaway (Ann Solloway's newest name for herself), and fervent music by Edmond Hall's orchestra.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Some people even have their mail sent here. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—For an ornate but pleasant dinner or supper to the chipper dance music of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras.

MONTE CARLO, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—One of our largest and most luxurious tropics, fitted out mostly with a chromium-plated clientele. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band play non-stop music.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Through Sun., June 10, Wally Boag, the skillful balloon man, will be in the elegant Cotillion Room along with some dancers and a magician. On Tues., June 12, Myrus will return with his mind-reading business (very neat). Stanley Melba's orchestra will continue to play for dancing. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—In the Persian Room, Hildegard acting very Hildegard, with Bob Grant's and Mark Monte's bands alternating on the stand.

ST. REGIS ROOF, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—This pretty pink penthouse has Paul Sparr's subdued dance orchestra and the handsomest view in town.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The elaborate Café Lounge presents a lot of vocal choruses accompanied by the sweet music of London's Roy Fox and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing every day.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—The young folks almost too much at home. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band are on hand all evening. Tea dancing for those who can't wait.

SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—**BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): comic monologues by Eddie Mayehoff and all sorts of nice music by Mildred Bailey, the Delta Rhythm Boys, and the Herman Chittison Trio. . . . **RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): brightsome singing by Monica Boyar, Thelma Carpenter, and a quartet; a prodigious variety of good piano playing by Garland Wilson, José Melis, and Julius Monk. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy, still talking those songs about what shouldn't happen to a dog, and Carter and Bowie's piano duets.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof, evidently in the market for the kiddies, has a magician and some acrobats; Nat Brandwynne's orchestra provides better than usual dance music, with Mischa Borr's orchestra alternating at supper. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

MISCELLANEOUS—At the **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and elegant; Dick Wilson's orchestra playing jauntily for dancing. . . . **VERSAILLES**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Jane Pickens, back in harness, along with a show full of delectable young ladies who sometimes seem tired of it all; dance music by Maxmillian Bergère. On Wed., June 13, Jerry Cooper will replace Miss Pickens. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): peace and quiet, broken only mildly by Roger Stearns' piano. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian food that is wonderful; Russian entertainment that is—well—Russian entertainment; Cornelius Codolan's orchestra. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): good Spanish dishes and even better Spanish music. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): Through Mon., June 11, Xavier Cugat's orchestra and a show of sorts, in which the biggest noise is Georgie Price. On Tues., June 12, Russell Swann (a fairly cerebral entertainer for this establishment) and his magically tricks will arrive, with Mitzi Green and Enric Madruguera's lush orchestra to help out. Upstairs in the Cabana Room, a rumba band. . . . **ASTOR ROOF**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): large, cool, and full of helter-skelter young people, egged on by Sammy Kaye's orchestra (to be replaced by Harry James' orchestra on Mon.,

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 7, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 16.

June 11). . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Stan Keller's orchestra. . . . **LINCOLN**, 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500): Erskine Hawkins' orchestra. . . . **MADISON**, 15 E. 58 (VO 5-5000): Bob Knight's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Sonny Dunham's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): George Paxton's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Eddie Stone's orchestra.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): classic welkin ringing by Pee Wee Russell, Miff Mole, Mugsy Spanier, and their compatriots. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): just a small hole in the ground, nicely fitted out with Art Hodes' trio, with Max Kaminsky as trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; Don Frye as solo pianist; the Lion and his Calypso songs; dancing. . . . **DOWNBEAT**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Coleman Hawkins and his saxophone, Al Casey and his new trio, and, now and then, Billie Holiday; dancing. . . . **ONYX**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Stuff Smith's trio, and Hot Lips Baugh, puffing, and occasionally blowing the house down. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): a hot trio which includes Danny Alvin and Hank Duncan; dancing. . . . **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Dizzy Gillespie, Don Byas, and Erroll Garner in a band of their own.

AL FRESCO—The **CLAREMONT INN**, Riverside Dr. at 124: just for the fine view of the Hudson and dance music by Ron Perry's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN**, Central Pk. W. at 67: a small green jungle, pleasant for a summer dinner outdoors, with casual dance music now and then. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53: lunch and tea in the garden. . . . **CENTRAL PARK ZOO**: the cafeteria there is crowded on weekends but nice for a midweek breakfast or an afternoon beer.

A few sidewalk cafés: **BREVOORT**, 5 Ave. at 8; **FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL**, 5 Ave. at 9; **LONGCHAMPS**, 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

AMERICAN—At the **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER**, 44 W. 56: a nineteenth-century show with Hassam, Inness, Hunt, Kensett, and twenty-some other artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 16. . . . **INTERNATIONAL BLDG.**, Rockefeller Center: the Encyclopedia Britannica collection of contemporary art. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through July 8. . . . **MILCH**, 108 W. 57: artists of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 12 noon; through Fri., June 15.

AMERICAN ACADEMY, B'way at 155—Painting and sculpture by Edward Hopper, Paul Manship, and others. Tues. through Sun., 2 to 5 P.M.; through June 29.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The development of the water color in America, with emphasis on the work of Winslow Homer. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through June 17.

ARTHUR G. DOVE—The artist's work from 1922 to the present: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through June 22.

JACOB EPSTEIN—Six bronzes and, in a quick change of pace, water colors of flowers: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 16.

MAX ERNST—Sculpture, in his first real try at this medium; and some paintings: Julien Levy, 42 E.

57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 9.

EUROPEAN—At the **NIVEAU**, 63 E. 57: Dufy, Utrillo, Pascin, and other French painters. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 30. . . . **KLEEMANN**, 65 E. 57: paintings and prints by Redon, Daumier, Masson, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through June 30.

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70—The pictures and other art treasures which have been hidden away for safekeeping since we entered the war are now back in the Museum. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

GROUPS—At the **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57: old and modern paintings and drawings. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 31. . . . **REHM**, 683 5 Ave., at 54: Edward Hopper, Reginald Marsh, and many others. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through June 23. . . . **PASSEDOUT**, 121 E. 57: paintings and sculpture by B.J.O. Nordfield, José de Creeft, and others of this group. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through June 30. . . . **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57: oils and water colors by contemporary American artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 29. . . . **87 GALLERY**, 67 E. 57: fourteen painters, centered about Hans Arp, in whose general style the gallery sees signs of a new "ism." Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 30. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: American, French, and Cuban paintings. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 29. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 5 Ave., at 55: work by artists who have had one-man shows at this gallery. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 16. . . . **PINACOTHECA**, 20 W. 58: abstract, and a few non-abstract, paintings by Josef Albers, Karl Knaths, Adolph Gottlieb, and twenty-three others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 16. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57: paintings by twenty-four artists who have had their first one-man shows here. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 10:30); through June 30. . . . **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57: paintings submitted for the gallery's annual competition for one-man shows. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 9. . . . **NIERENDORF**, 53 E. 57: work by contemporaries. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 30.

RANDOLPH JOHNSTON—Sculpture: Clay Club, 4 W. 8. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Fri., June 15.

SARKIS KATCHADOURIAN—Impressionist paintings with a touch of the Oriental in them: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; Tues. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., June 15.

EDWARD LANING—Drawings of wartime Italy with a less journalistic approach than is usual in such things: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Thurs. and Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.; through Sat., June 9.

BORIS LOVET-LORSKI—Sculpture of heads, figures, and whimsical animals: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 16.

ARISTIDE MAILLOL—A memorial show, 1861-1944: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 30.

DE HIRSH MARGULES—Water colors: Feigl, 601 Madison, at 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 16.

MERCHANT SEAMEN—Water colors and sketches with a non-amateurish sharpness, mostly by a half-dozen men: National Maritime Union, 354 W. 17. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Thurs., June 14.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Nine galleries of Greek art, newly arranged to show the development of Greek civilization; also, prints and drawings by Goya. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—Paintings by Kandinsky, as well as work by a good many other modern artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 4.

ALFONSO OSSORIO—Water colors; also, mosaic sculpture by John Stephan: Brandt, 15 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 22.

ALICE RAHON PAALAN—Oils, gouaches, drawings, etchings: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Daily 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 9.

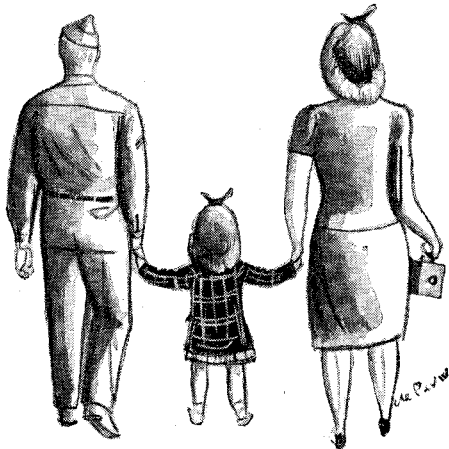
PHOTOGRAPHY—Prints by Paul Strand, from his early abstractions and candid photographs to his recent series on Vermont: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sun., June 10.

WILMA PREZZI—Paintings of Chinese objects: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., June 8.

NOTE—The semi-annual outdoor art exhibit in Washington Square is now open, and will continue daily through Sun., June 10, from 11 A.M. until dark.

MUSIC

JAZZ CONCERT—Such musicians as Don Byas, saxophone; Teddy Wilson, piano; Slam Stewart, bass;





DIAMONDS—THE MOST PRECIOUS
OF JEWELS ARE INDIVIDUALLY CUT

by hand

YOUR FACE POWDER
IS INDIVIDUALLY BLENDED

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... to a formula created exclusively for your very own skin-
tone... your fashion colors... your individuality—when it's
made-to-order... right before your eyes... in fine stores by



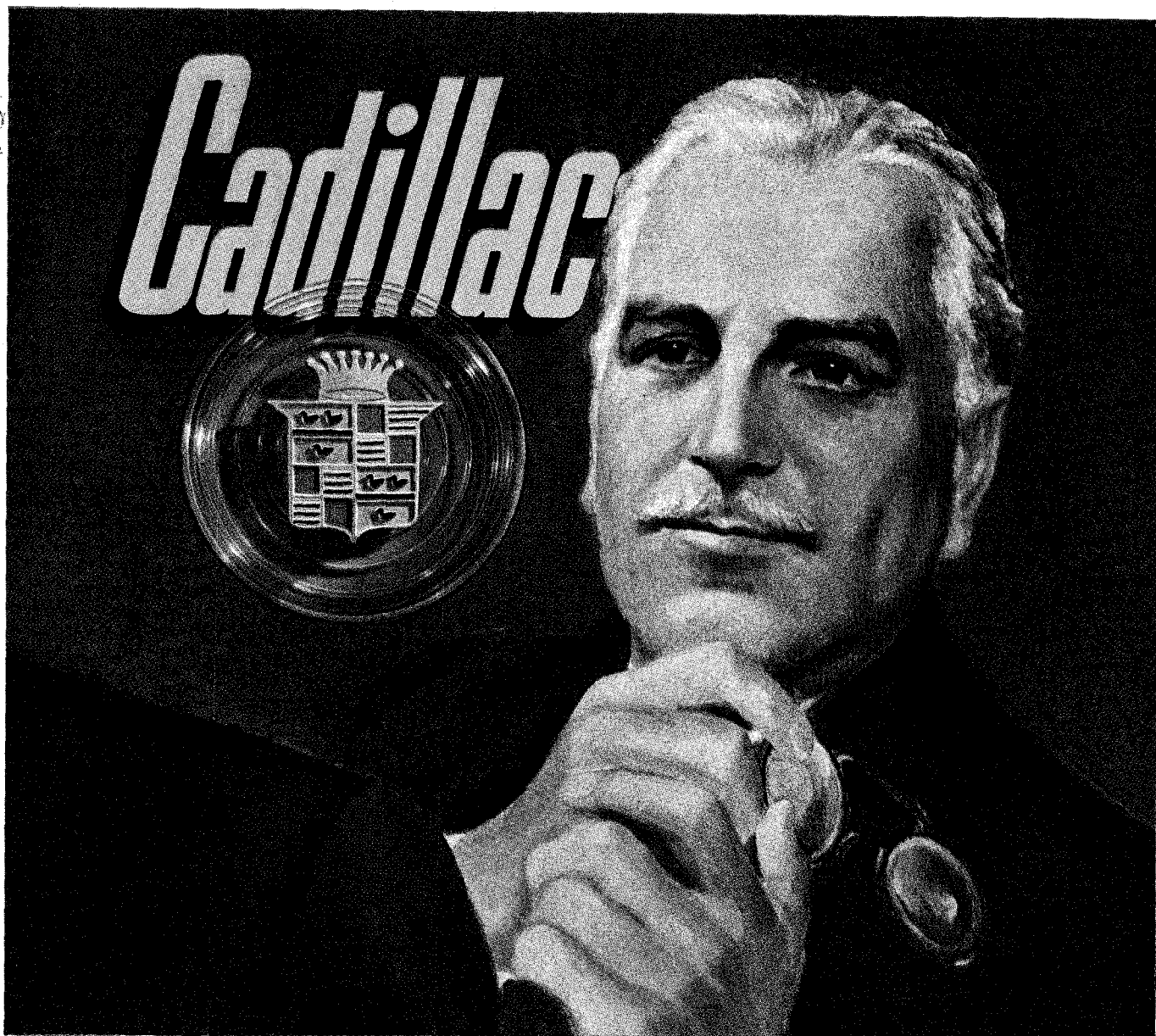
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DISTINGUISHED FOR HAND-BLENDED POWDER AND EXQUISITE COSMETICS

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There's one thing he's sure about...

Even in this fast-moving, quick-changing world of today—there is *one* thing the average Cadillac owner is certain about. *He is certain he wants his next car to be a Cadillac.*

Three million motor car owners were recently queried as to what car they expect to purchase next. They were carefully apportioned among the seventeen leading well-known makes—to give an accurate picture of how satisfied people are with their present cars.

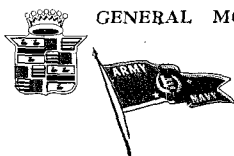
Those who drive Cadillacs showed the greatest owner loyalty in the entire automotive industry.

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This would be significant at any time; but it is especially so today. Even the latest cars purchased before the war are now in their fourth year of service. Cars are being tried as they have never been tried before. Their full character and capabilities are now being revealed to their owners.

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Every Sunday Afternoon . . . GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network
CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



BUY MORE
WAR BONDS
KEEP WHAT YOU HAVE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 7,
THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 16.

and others. Sat., June 9, at 2:30 P.M. (Town Hall. BR 9-9447.)
SPERRY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Norman Pickering conducting. Sun., June 10, at 8:45 P.M. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460.)
GOLDMAN BAND—Central Park Mall, Wed. and Fri., June 13 and 15, at 8:30 P.M.; Prospect Park, Brooklyn, Thurs. and Sat., June 14 and 16, at 8:30 P.M.
JOSH WHITE AND ELWOOD SMITH—Ballad singers. Mon., June 11, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall. BR 9-9447.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. Dodgers, Thurs., June 7, at 2:30 P.M.; Giants vs. Philadelphia, Fri., June 15, at 2:30 P.M., and Sat., June 16, at 8:45 P.M.; **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Boston, Fri. and Sat., June 8-9, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., June 10, at 2:05 P.M.; Yankees vs. Washington, Tues., June 12, at 2:30 P.M.; **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Fri. and Sat., June 8-9, at 8:30 P.M., and Sun., June 10 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Giants, Tues., June 12, at 2:30 P.M.; Wed., June 13, at 8:30 P.M., and Thurs., June 14, at 2:30 P.M.
BOXING—Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10 P.M.—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Ike Williams vs. Willie Joyce, lightweights, 10 rounds, Fri., June 8; **POLO GROUNDS**: Ray Robinson vs. Jimmy McDaniels, welterweights, 10 rounds, Fri., June 15.
CREW—Columbia vs. Cornell, Sat., June 9, at 6 P.M. (Harlem River.)

FENCING—National Championships: Women's Team, Tues., June 12, at 6:30 P.M.; Foil, Individual, Wed., June 13, at 6:30 P.M.; Women's Foil, Individual, Thurs., June 14, at 6:30 P.M.; Epee, Individual, Fri., June 15, at 6:30 P.M.; Sabre, Individual, Sat., June 16, at 2 P.M. and 8 P.M. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53.)

GOLF—New Jersey State G.A. Amateur Championship, qualifying rounds, Sun., June 10, Canoe Brook C.C., Summit, N.J.; Metropolitan G.A. Senior Championship, Thurs., June 14, Baltusrol G.C., Springfield, N.J.; New Jersey State G.A. Amateur Championship, Match Play Rounds, starting Sat., June 16, Canoe Brook C.C., Summit, N.J.

RACING—Weekdays at Belmont, at 1:30 P.M., through June 23. (The Juvenile, and Metropolitan Handicap, June 9; Roeben Handicap and the Suburban, June 16.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:05 A.M. and 1:10 P.M. and Sat. between 10:45 A.M. and 1:45 P.M.

TRACK—N.Y.A.C. Meet, Sat., June 9, at 3 P.M. (Randalls Island.)

TROTting—Weekdays at Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I., at 8:40 P.M. (A special train leaves Penn Station at 7:03 P.M.)

YACHTING—Championship regatta on the Sound: Manhasset Bay Y.C., Sun., June 10, at about 2 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—At the **NORLYST GALLERY**, 59 W. 56: the poetry, prose, art, and newspapers of the French Underground during the Nazi occupation, including reproductions of work by the artist Jean DuBuffet, and Midnight Press publications. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 19. . . . **CHRYSLER BLDG.**, 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of United States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the Germans and Japanese; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY**, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the Norden bombsight and the "Gunairstructor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through June 30. . . . **NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, Central Pk. W. at 76: military miscellany—firearms, swords, flags, even diaries—dating from the French and Indian wars through the first World War, Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Tues. through Fri., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

HOUSING—Scale models and plans of modern homes designed by Frank Lloyd Wright and other leading architects: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 3.

TRANSPORTATION—About a hundred prints and other memorabilia showing the work of John Stephenson, who built New York's first omnibuses, horsecars, early subway trains, and other rolling stock: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 103. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

NOTE—"The Fighting Lady," a 103-foot model of an aircraft carrier, is on view in the Sunken Plaza of Rockefeller Center. Purchasers of War Bonds, at the Plaza, may go on board.

ON THE AIR

STATE DEPARTMENT—Archibald MacLeish and others in a discussion of our international policy; broad-

cast from San Francisco, Sat., June 9, at 7 P.M., WEAF.

MUSIC—Philharmonic-Symphony, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sun., June 10, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Sat., June 9 and 16, at 5 P.M., WJZ.

SPORTS—Racing: the Preakness, Sat., June 16, at 4 P.M., WEAF. . . . Boxing: Ike Williams vs. Willie Joyce, Fri., June 8; Ray Robinson vs. Jimmy McDaniels, Fri., June 15; at 10 P.M., WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri., at 8 P.M., WOR. . . . Janet Flanner (from Paris), Tues. at 10:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdom, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon. through Fri. at 6 P.M., WOR. . . . Cesar Saerchinger, Sun. at 11:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:45 P.M., WHN. . . . Leland Stowe, Sat. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Swing, Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson (from Europe), Sun. at 9:45 P.M., WOR.

MOTION PICTURES

THE CORN IS GREEN—Screen version of the Emlyn Williams success, with Bette Davis instead of Ethel Barrymore. If you can believe that Miss Davis's interest in her handsome young miner is quite platonic, you can believe practically anything. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

GUEST IN THE HOUSE—A very sensible adaptation of the Broadway play about an erratic girl who almost breaks up a happy family. With Anne Baxter and Ralph Bellamy. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Wed. Aft., June 13. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Tues., June 9-12. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Tues. through Thurs., June 12-14. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., June 12-16.)

A MEDAL FOR BENNY—In spite of some rather obvious comedy and pathos, John Steinbeck's story of an old man whose son wins a posthumous award for valor is quite affecting. With J. Carroll Naish, Arturo De Cordova, and Dorothy Lamour. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; through Tues. Aft., June 12.)

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS—Mainly about the four Smith sisters and their emotional problems. Judy Garland, Margaret O'Brien, Mary Astor, and Leon Ames are in this extremely attractive version of Sally Benson's stories. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Wed., June 9-13.)

NATIONAL VELVET—An adaptation of Enid Bagnold's novel about a little girl who wins a horse in a lottery and then rides him in the Grand National. Nonsense, of course, but very appealing. With Elizabeth Taylor and Mickey Rooney. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., June 8.)

OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY—Gail Russell and Diana Lynn as a couple of rich and slightly simple-minded girls touring Europe in the nineteen-twenties. (Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Tues., June 12. . . . Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; and Olympia, B'way at 107; through Wed., June 13.)

THE WAY AHEAD—Excellent British import about how a group of young British civilians were conditioned for the army. With David Niven. (Victoria, B'way at 46.)

WITHOUT LOVE—It's hard to believe that Philip Barry would recognize this Donald Ogden Stewart version as his Broadway play, but it's very lively and amusing just the same. With Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. (State, B'way at 45; through Wed., June 13.)

THE WOMAN IN THE WINDOW—Edward G. Robinson as a murderer who really meant no harm in par-

ticular. With Joan Bennett and a surprise ending that is hardly likely to surprise anyone. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., June 7.)

REVIVALS

THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER (1938)—Tommy Kelly and May Robson as Tom and Aunt Polly. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., June 10-11.)

THE BIG STORE (1941)—The Marx Brothers take over a department store. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., June 9. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., June 12-14.)

CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; starting Wed., June 13.)

DESIRE (1936)—Stolen pearls, Spain, Marlene Dietrich, and Gary Cooper. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., June 9.)

GRAND ILLUSION (1938)—German prisons in the first World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; starting Wed., June 13.)

THE HEART OF A NATION (1943)—France, from the eighteen-seventies to the present. In French, with Michèle Morgan, Raimu, and Louis Jouvet, and with an English narrative by Charles Boyer. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., June 12-14.)

HERE COMES MR. JORDAN (1941)—About a prizefighter who gets mixed up with the hereafter. Robert Montgomery and Claude Rains. (World, 153 W. 49.)

IN NAME ONLY (1939)—Kay Francis, Carole Lombard, and Cary Grant in the usual triangle mess. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Mon. and Tues., June 11-12.)

IN OUR TIME (1944)—Poland in 1939. With Ida Lupino and Paul Henreid. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., June 7.)

THE LADY VANISHES (1938)—Hitchcock mystery on a European express. Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., June 7.)

MY FAVORITE WIFE (1940)—Irene Dunne as a female Enoch Arden and Cary Grant as her husband. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; through Fri., June 8.)

NAUGHTY MARIETTA (1935)—The Victor Herbert operetta, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; and Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs., June 7. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., June 12-13.)

ON THE AVENUE (1937)—Rich girl marries poor actor. Madeleine Carroll, Alice Faye, Dick Powell, and Irving Berlin music. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., June 10-11.)

ONCE UPON A TIME (1944)—Whimsy about a dancing caterpillar. With Cary Grant and Janet Blair. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., June 12-14.)

OUR TOWN (1940)—The Thornton Wilder play. Frank Craven, Martha Scott, and William Holden. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; through Fri., June 8.)

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA (1937)—Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sat. through Mon., June 9-11. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., June 10-11.)

THE RAINBOW (1944)—The German occupation of a Ukrainian village. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., June 8-11.)

THUNDER ROCK (1944)—The dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. With Michael Redgrave and Barbara Mullen. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., June 7. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., June 13-14.)

TO BE OR NOT TO BE (1942)—Ernst Lubitsch, with the help of Carole Lombard and Jack Benny, takes the Gestapo apart. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs., June 7.)

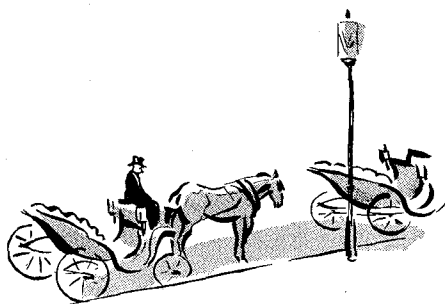
TORRID ZONE (1940)—Life among banana pickers, with Ann Sheridan, James Cagney, and Pat O'Brien. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Mon. and Tues., June 11-12. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., June 12-13.)

WUTHERING HEIGHTS (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier on the Brontë moors. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., June 12-13.)

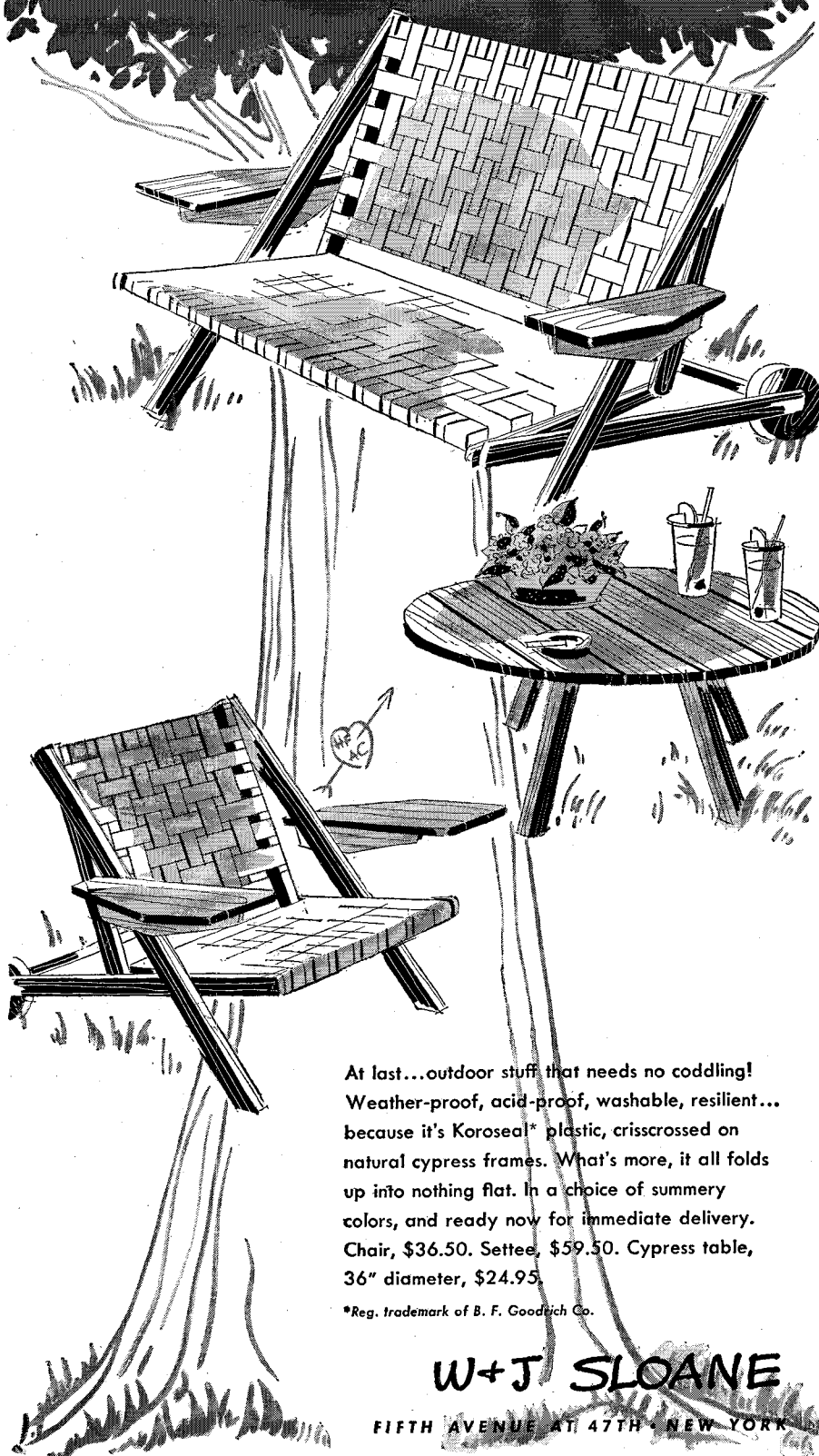
NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—**THURS., JUNE 7**: "Beau Geste" (1926), with Ronald Colman and William Powell. . . . **FRI. THROUGH SUN., JULY 8-10**: "Underworld" (1927), directed by Josef von Sternberg. . . . **MON. THROUGH THURS., JULY 11-14**: "The Love of Jeanne Ney" (1927), directed by G. W. Pabst. . . . **FROM FRI., JUNE 15**: "Sunrise" (1927), with George O'Brien and Janet Gaynor; and "Hands" (1928), by Stella Simon.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

APARTMENTS FOR SERVICE MEN—New York residents who can sublet their apartments for long or short



Summer Furniture comes of Age —



At last... outdoor stuff that needs no coddling!
Weather-proof, acid-proof, washable, resilient...
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natural cypress frames. What's more, it all folds
up into nothing flat. In a choice of summery
colors, and ready now for immediate delivery.
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FIFTH AVENUE AT 47TH • NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

periods are urged to make them available to service men and their families. Arrangements can be made through the Officers' Service Committee, Hotel Commodore, Lexington at 42 (MU 5-8000), and the New York City Vacancy Listing, 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310).

VOLUNTEER WORK—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Five organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the **CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE**, 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310): men and women to work in canteens at least one shift a week, night or day; men and women to take a short training course and then work a minimum of two full days a week as group-leaders in summer playgrounds. . . . **RED CROSS**, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take a forty-six-hour training course and then work four daytime hours a week as dietitians' aides in hospitals; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . **AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES**, 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050): women to work three to five hours a day, several days a week, preparing refreshments for service men's clubs; women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work two sessions a week, day or evening, in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies. (For Motor Transport work, apply at 17 E. 67. RE 7-3700.) . . . **UNITED HOSPITAL FUND**, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): men to take a short training course and then work about six hours a week, day or evening, as orderlies in hospital wards; women to work in hospitals at least six hours a week, during the day, as aides in clinics, wards, offices, and diet kitchens, or as receptionists from 7 to 8:45 A.M. . . . **AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS RESERVE CORPS**, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100): women to work several hours a week, preferably during the day, as drivers for the Motor Corps; women to work at least one full day each week as receptionists in veterans' rehabilitation centers.

HARVESTERS—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U.S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the summer. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U.S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23 (AL 4-8500).

SEVENTH WAR LOAN DRIVE—The War Bond campaign is on, and the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050), and the C.D.V.O., 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310), are recruiting volunteers who can work one or two afternoons or evenings a week canvassing or doing clerical work in connection with the drive.

SALVAGE—Wastepaper, which is vitally needed, and food cans should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments, among other things. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The need for blood plasma to send overseas is acute. Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross, MU 5-6400, for an appointment. . . . The United National Clothing Collection wants to accumulate a hundred and fifty million pounds of practical clothing, shoes, bedding, and linens for destitute families overseas. Drivers of laundry trucks will pick up contributions on their regular routes, or, for the location of the nearest depot, call CI 5-7350. . . . Musical instruments, especially brasses and accordions, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centers. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410). . . . Good books of all kinds are wanted for men in the Merchant Marine. If you have any to give, mail them to the American Merchant Marine Library, 45 Broadway, New York 6, or, for information about collections, call BO 9-0220.

Herbert Bayer



*... lips must be lustrous
if you would look young*

Mary Dunhill's LUSTRE LIPSTICK gives your lips
a young, moist finish ... the new, exciting way
to look. Such rich and tempting colors...

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RUBY LUSTRE
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Fifth Avenue, New York



RCA radio-relay towers—like those phantomed above—will leap the hurdle of *distance* in post-war television.

Coast-to-Coast Television...through "Radio-Relay"

For a long time it looked as though post-war television might be confined to local stations. Only persons within a fifty-mile radius of New York, for example, would see the important television broadcasts from NBC's pioneer station WNBT, atop the Empire State Building.

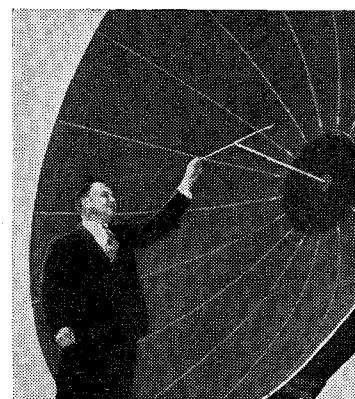
That was because the ultra short waves that carry television do not bend with the curvature of the earth. They go in a straight line out to the horizon—and then keep on going into the sky.

But today, television's big handicap of short range has been completely overcome—by RCA scientists and engineers.

The *radio-relay* was developed—a tower that "bounces" television programs to the

next tower 30 to 50 miles away. Through a network of these automatic, unattended, radio-relays, coast-to-coast television is made practical.

This is but one more example of how RCA research constantly—"makes things better." Such research is reflected in *all* RCA products. And when you buy a television set, or radio-phonograph, or anything made by RCA, you enjoy a unique pride of ownership. For if it's an RCA you can be sure it is one of the finest instruments of its kind that science has achieved.



C. W. Hansell, RCA specialist in transmitters and relays, is shown here with a radio-relay reflector that can "bounce" radio messages, radiophotos and Frequency Modulation programs at the same time that it relays television!

RADIO CORPORATION of AMERICA

PIONEERS IN PROGRESS





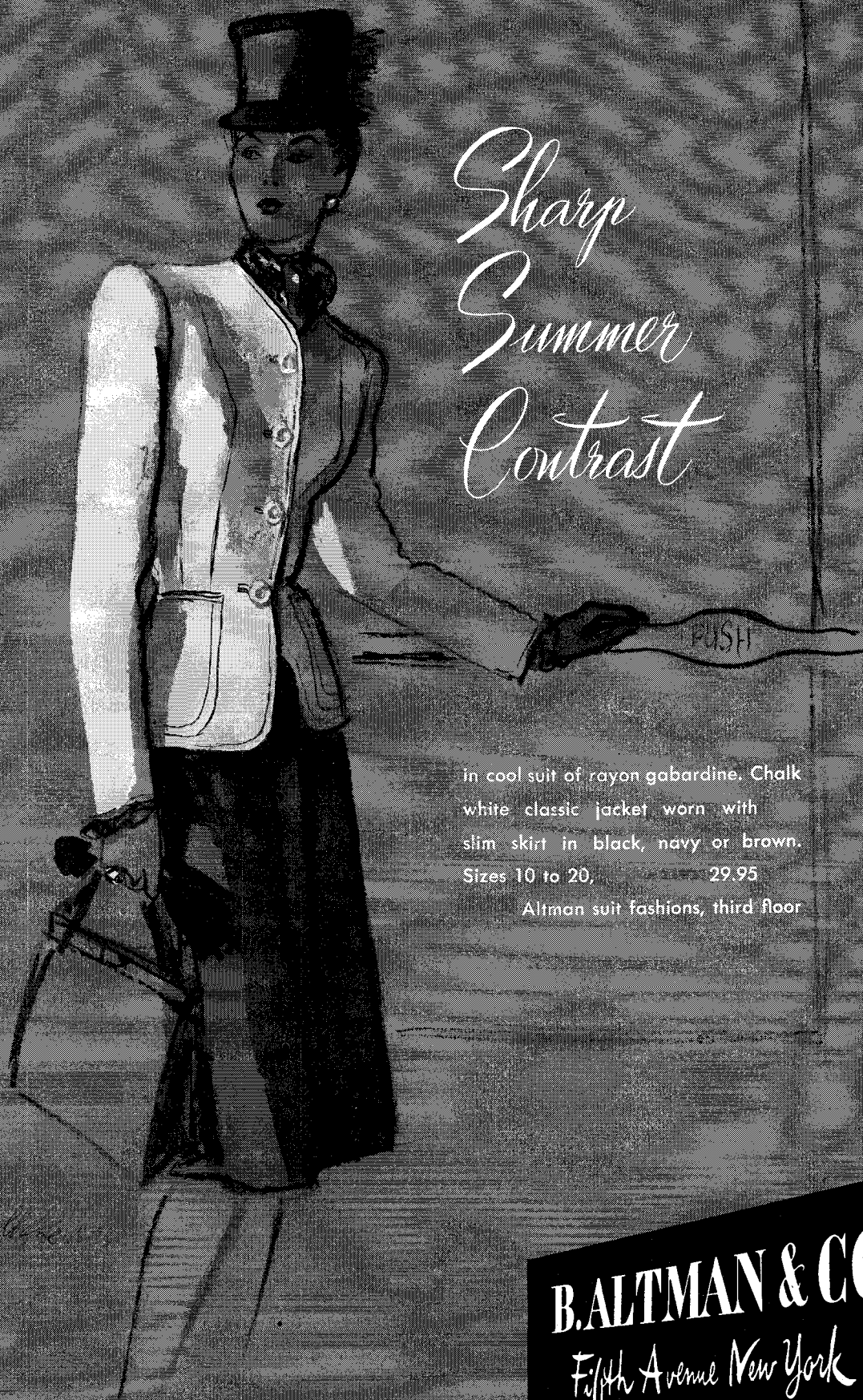
Correspondence Elegancies Lovely, spirited papers to bear a charming signature. Enchanting to give, in tribute to the taste and talent of a charming hostess. . . . Of a quality so rare, one sees and feels it instantly. Designed with such finesse, the beauty grows. The fashion is authentic.

Express verve with *Cherry Orchard* — sophistication with *Marine Fantasy* — cordiality with *Geranium Terrace*. Let *Largesse*, with its American Beauty color and exquisite flower-print box, bring the graces of a midsummer garden to your friend's desk or your own. . . . All are well adapted to engraving.

Accept the invitation of leading department stores and stationers to see the entire collection of *Correspondence Elegancies*

New York showroom, 200 Fifth Avenue
Kellogg is a division of the U. S. Envelope Company

by Kellogg

A black and white fashion illustration of a woman standing and facing slightly to the right. She is wearing a light-colored, double-breasted jacket with large buttons and a dark, slim skirt. On her head is a tall, dark top hat. She holds a dark handbag in her left hand. The background is a textured, mottled gray. The text 'Sharp Summer Contrast' is written in a large, elegant script to the right of the woman. Below this, smaller text describes the outfit and pricing. In the bottom right corner, a black banner contains the store's name and location. At the very bottom, a red line of text provides licensing information.

Sharp Summer Contrast

in cool suit of rayon gabardine. Chalk
white classic jacket worn with
slim skirt in black, navy or brown.
Sizes 10 to 20, 29.95

Altman suit fashions, third floor

B. ALTMAN & CO.
Fifth Avenue New York



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

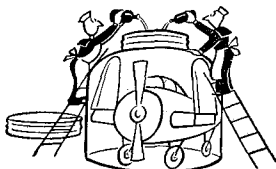
COUNTER-INFLATION NOTE: The prewar dollar is worth \$1.17 on the White Plains-to-Mount Vernon bus. The fare has miraculously gone down from thirty cents to twenty-five.

ONE of our West Coast undercover men has flashed us that he has discovered one California outfit that is not concerned with reconversion. This man stumbled on the place while he was on his way from La Jolla to Los Angeles. It was a small building, near the ocean, and the sign said, "STEPPING STONES, HANGING BASKETS, AND TRELLISES."

THE most wonderful thing about the new cloverleaf and reinforced concrete municipal airport in Queens where the runways will have hard shoulders and end in Calcutta and where ten years from now three hundred and thirteen planes will arrive at the peak hour from London and Salt Lake City and Guam and where forty thousand men and women will be employed many of them happily and through whose gates thirty thousand passengers with their thirty thousand pairs of pajamas and their thirty thousand toothbrushes will pass daily on their way to and from Omaha and Auckland and Chillicothe and Alexandria and which will be approached by a new six-lane express highway from the Heart of the City and whose administration building will contain over a million square feet of floor space with loading decks radiating from the semicircular structure is its name. Its name is Idlewild. Not Jetworld, not Dynamoor, but Idlewild.

USUALLY, after a war, a lot of valuable stuff is scrapped, partly as a gesture of good will and partly be-

cause a lot of matériel hanging around (planes and stuff) competes with new enterprise and annoys postwar pioneers, who want a clean board. This time, however, it looks as though we may not scrap anything much. The Army and the Navy, those thrifty housewives, are tying on their aprons and preparing to preserve everything in sight. It is now feasible to can an airplane and to put up a tank—and if you have the drag the Army has, you can get the sugar. To put up an airplane, you place it in an aluminum container and seal it,



first throwing in a handful of some chemical that eats moisture. In addition to being airtight, corrosion-proof, and moisture-eating, the container is equipped with an indicator on the outside to notify watchers of any trouble within. It has been estimated that a tank or plane, properly canned, would be good for fifty years. The backers of the idea feel that it would be a fine thing for world peace if we had a cellar full of canned tanks and planes and guns. They say it would make other nations think twice before starting anything. One sometimes wonders. At the rate things are going in the laboratories, a fifty-year-old airplane emerging from its can will probably look as formidable as the same amount of raspberry jam.

THE late Stephen Vincent Benét was obsessed with the possibility of the machine's turning on man in vengeful fury and destroying him, and he wrote several terrifying poems on that theme. W. A. Dwiggins, a distinguished typographer of our time, has recently written and published a melodrama, called "Millennium 1," which chal-

lenges this unhappy view. Far from being savage, the machine, he feels, is patient and intelligent, and is much more apt to enslave man than destroy him. There is always evidence for Mr. Benét's thesis, like the mechanical corn picker in Nebraska that caught its master the other day and husked him of all his clothes, but lately a few signs have shown up to support Mr. Dwiggins' opinion. A woman we know, unable to get an electric phonograph, bought a fine old aristocratic wind-up model, a head taller than she is, and discovered that it would play all her records but an album of Red Army songs, over which it simply passed its needle in silent scorn. And from *Life* comes word that plexiglas, one of the new plastics, has "memory"—that if, under heat, it is compressed from one shape into another, it will, on reheating, return to its original shape. If it also will remember who tortured it into its unnatural shape and will flow along the ground after him, mankind might just as well prepare to take to the galleys and the mines.

WE were glad to see that Morris Anmuth, the Dewey boomer, was acquitted the other day by a jury. The judge told the jury that in this country a man had a right to boo Dewey and thereby become a Booeey dewer—pardon us, a Dewey boomer. The question is a fundamental one and involves the right to take political utterances or leave them alone. Also acquitted were the two cops who had tried to shush Anmuth. These Anmuth shushers had



picked the wrong Dewey boomer to mix with, and there was confusion all round. Anmuth, incidentally, is a Re-



"There's nothing really complicated about it: if you live in a strategic-base area you come under the supervision of the World Security Council and its military staff, whereas if you live in a trusteeship area you are governed by a trusteeship council which, like the economic and social council, serves under the authority of the General Assembly."

publican and was not booing Dewey in a perfunctory manner, but was inspired.

A Little Hazy

THE first American soldier *officially* to make contact with the Russian Army (we'll explain that a bit later) is Lieutenant Bill Robertson, a short, dapper ex-pre-medical student (U.C.L.A.) with a blond mustache. By the time we got to talk with him, he had told his story exactly twenty-seven times—in Torgau, where the meeting occurred, and in Wurzen, Weimar, Reims, Paris, London, Washington, and New York. When we saw him, he was glassy-eyed with reminiscence. "People ask me what the Russians think of the Lublin government, whether they're going to fight the Japanese—all kinds of impossible questions," he told us. "And then when I can't answer they want to know *exactly* what the Russian major said to

me, and *exactly* what I said to him, and I'm ashamed to tell them I'd had so much schnapps—German whiskey—that I'm a little hazy on what really *did* happen."

Tovarisch Robertson, as the world knows by now, crossed the Elbe by a ruined bridge and shook hands with a Russian standing on some steel girders that were sticking up out of the water. Two days later the photographers staged a meeting—remember the picture of Russian and American soldiers standing on a bridge and shaking hands? Credit for being the actual, though unofficial, first man to meet the Russians goes to a soldier named Kotzebue, who got nothing out of it but a hangover. "He went to a party at a Russian command post and stayed there two days," Robertson said. "Had such a good time that he just stayed on. That's why we're official and he's not."

For days and days the forward ele-

ments of the Sixty-ninth Infantry Division—in common with American newspaper readers—had been anticipating the meeting. Patrols were told not to range far, and the men received lectures on how to spot Russian equipment. "All patrols were supposed to take interpreters with them," Robertson told us, "but that day my patrol was just going up the road out of Wurzen to keep the refugees moving toward town. Well, we got about a half mile up the road, and somebody said there were some American P.W.s at Torgau, a little further on. At Torgau we heard firing across the Elbe, and we knew it must be the Russians. We freed a lot of P.W.s, and one of them came along with us—we call him Ensign Peck & Peck, because his father owns some kind of a store in New York. That's when we broke into the drugstore and got paint for a flag. Everybody wanted that flag when we finally got back to our lines. We took it to General Eisenhower at Reims and he asked us what he was supposed to do with it and we said we didn't know and he said he wished he'd been there, and that was that."

A party of three—Robertson, Peck & Peck, and a Pfc. Huff, who drove their jeep—crossed the Elbe and were immediately surrounded by Russians who, they later learned, belonged to the Fifty-eighth Guards Division of the First Ukrainian Army. Robertson started transacting business with the major in command, who spoke pretty good schoolboy English, about when and where the higher-ups would meet. "Over by Huff was a crowd of Russians, about forty of them," Robertson said. "They kept kissing him on the cheeks, then they'd point to the jeep we'd left on the other side of the river and yell 'Willys!' They know that from lend-lease. Huff kept yelling 'Tovarisch!' and a guy with a harmonica was running all around playing a polka, until somebody told him to stop. The Russians don't wear helmets—just garrison caps—and they tried to throw Huff's helmet in the river, to show what they thought of it. He grabbed it back in a hurry—he'd have had to pay for a new one, you know. Finally we

all sat down on the rocks in the bright sunshine and started drinking toasts, and that went on for three-quarters of an hour. We had sardines, too, and canned meat, and some biscuits they'd taken from German civilians. We got happier and happier, and shook hands after every toast. By the time we got up to go, Huff and Peck & Peck and I were plenty wobbly, happy as hell, and awfully tired."

Lieutenant Robertson has three souvenirs of the occasion—a Russian wedding ring, the ten-pointed silver star of the Order of Alexander Nevsky, and a watch he got by swapping his with the Russian major. He has an idea that the Order of Alexander Nevsky will allow him to travel free if he ever goes to Russia. The watch doesn't work. The minute hand fell off the next day. "The major sure got the best of the bargain," Robertson observed.

Ornithology

A VERY young Southern boy arrived at one of the Navy's arctic outposts before the channel to the place froze up last fall. Over his bunk he pinned a single, brightly colored feather. Through the winter his companions looked at the feather and wondered, and finally one of them inquired about it. "What you got that feather up for?" he asked.

"Reminds me of down home."

"What sort of bird is it from?"

"Snuffin'-bird."

"Why are they called snuffin'-birds?"

"You hunt 'em with snuffin'-dawgs."

Our Own Baedeker

SYRIA is a loose name for four more or less independent states set up by France after the first World War, when she received by mandate some of the land the British had taken from the Turks. There's the Republic of Lebanon, a long, thin republic which takes in a thirty-mile-wide strip of coast from Palestine halfway to Turkey. Beirut, the capital of Lebanon, is the best-known Levantine city, full of crafty traders, wealthy merchants, intellectuals, shady diplomats from every country of Europe, and several men with suspicious-looking bulges over their hips. There is also, in addition to Lebanon, the Government of Latakia, to the north; the Government of Djebel Druse, to the south-east; and the remainder of the hinterland, which is called simply Syria. There

is also the Sanjak of Alexandretta, which is somehow or other now a part of Turkey. We will go no further with the Sanjak of Alexandretta.

What you have in Syria is a region a little smaller than Georgia, in which are a fertile coastal plain, two mountain ranges stretching back from the sea, with a pleasant valley between, and beyond it a rather dreary desert of gravel. The fertile parts of Syria are lush—there's no other word for it. Licorice grows wild, truffles sprout after a rainfall, and on the terraced hillsides grapes, mulberry trees, cotton, olive trees, corn, and citrous fruits grow in profusion. On the coast the climate is so mild that people from other parts of the Near East go there for vacations. Back in the desert the temperature goes as high as 128. Syria has only the most piffling sort of fauna—polecats, badgers, squirrels, and the like—and there are innumerable fleas. According to the Bible, there was nothing like the cedars

of Lebanon for building houses and ships; now, however, only five small cedars-of-Lebanon groves are left in the whole district. Syria is a hodgepodge of races and religions. There are Arabs, Bedouins, French, Greeks, Armenians, Circassians, Algerians, Jews, Metawalas, Persians, Druses, Kurds, and a lot more. Most of the natives are of Semitic origin. There are at least thirty religious sects, each one full of jealousy and suspicion of the others. Two-thirds of the population follow the Moslem religion, in one way or another. The national language is Arabic, but the Syrians have never been able to get together and agree on an Arabic name for their homeland; "Syria" is a Latin word, probably derived from the Babylonian name Suri.

The great days of Syria were pretty well back B.C., when the Phoenicians lived there and went out on voyages of exploration. From the very beginning, Syria managed to get mixed up in whatever empire was going at the time—



Assyrian, Babylonian, Persian, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, and Turkish. Out in the desert are a number of ghost cities that apparently have not been inhabited since the seventh century. There are no oases near these cities, which leads archeologists to believe that the land was once fertile. Damascus, the oldest city in the world, is in Syria. Antioch, another Syrian city, has the reputation of being the unluckiest in the world; it lies within two zones of seismic disturbances and has twice as many earthquakes as if it lay in one; and it has gone through innumerable floods, famines, and plagues, and has had its share of political woe besides.

Syrian mules and babies wear blue bead necklaces to guard against the Evil Eye. Family portraits are always hung at the top of a wall, touching the ceiling. There are a lot of one-eyed men in Syria; one explanation is that they were maimed by their parents to help them escape military conscription. Within Syria there are still a few scattered bands of Ismailites, members of the Mohammedan sect which sought martyrdom by getting hopped up on hashish and killing Crusaders or political enemies. Latakia tobacco is famous among pipe smokers. In the tobacco country is an attractive pagan tribe, the Alaoutes, who worship fertility in ways which they prefer to keep secret. One of these pagans got converted, came to the United States, and wrote a book on the customs of his tribe; after he got back to the Old Country, he was found dead, with his tongue torn out. Not only that, but an American in Syria who bought a copy of the book was found dead, with *his* tongue torn out. What's that behind you?

1945

A MATRON in Germantown got in an extra part-time maid to help out at a supper party she gave last Sunday. While everyone was at table, the girl tidied up the living room. The whole place was spick and span when the guests went back to sit down—the cushions were plumped up, the chairs rearranged, and the ashtrays wiped out. Every butt over an inch in length had been put back in the trays, too.

Wolf Licenses

WE presume that all our readers have their Wolf Licenses by now and would like to know something about the

man who thought them up. Only a back number or a flat tire would need to be told that a Wolf License is a small fibreboard badge, like a wartime dog-license tag, bearing the inscription "WOLF LICENSE," plus one of a number of categories such as "Male," "Female," "Armed Forces," "4-F," or "Over-age." Wolf Licenses cost fifteen cents apiece and are hard to avoid at any newsstand. The entrepreneur is a slight, round-eyed, thin-mustached man named Benjamin Franklin Falter, Jr. He has a partner named Mr. Flaherty, but the idea was his, or pretty much his (readers of mature years will remember Chicken Inspector badges and similar insignia once affected by the sporting set).

Falter told us he got the idea for the Wolf Licenses while waiting in line for a dog license. He assured us that it was neither his first idea nor his best one. On the production list now are a pocket whistle for cabs and various emergencies, a measuring device that works on the principle of a speedometer (for figuring out distances on road maps), a pocket cigarette roller to be sold for a quarter, and a mirror with shelves and bottles painted on the glass, to represent real shelves and bottles in front of a mirror. (Can we have that right?) "And," said Mr. Falter, "I'm willing to bet I get a dozen more ideas as good as those in the next few months. I won't talk about them. Those other Wolf Licenses that went on the market the same time as mine—they weren't as clever as mine, and they're out of business now, but they taught me a lesson." Falter admits that the idea he considers his best to date has been a definite flop. This was for an actual raincheck, to be handed to those jaunty types who say they will take a raincheck when declining an invitation to have an ice-cream soda or go to the movies. There was a blank space on these checks, which were of cardboard, where the nature of the promised treat could be written in. Unfortunately, it turned out that not enough people knew about rainchecks to make the idea commercially practical. Falter is not a man to give up easily and he tried to bring rainchecks

into the public consciousness by writing a song called "A Raincheck for You." That didn't penetrate the public consciousness either.

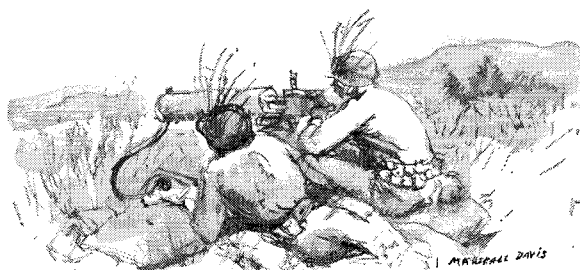
Falter came to New York from Chicago, where he was born and brought up, and went to work for an advertising agency. Then he went back to Chicago and sold insurance. Of recent years he has been doing business in Jersey as Valerie Sweets (candy). He had a few samples of Wolf Licenses made up and placed them in candy stores, and the craze was on. On the basis of these sample sales, he told us, he learned two things (we quote): "All the world loves a lover, and those tags would sell better at fifteen cents than ten because a thing that costs ten cents has no value to the public now."

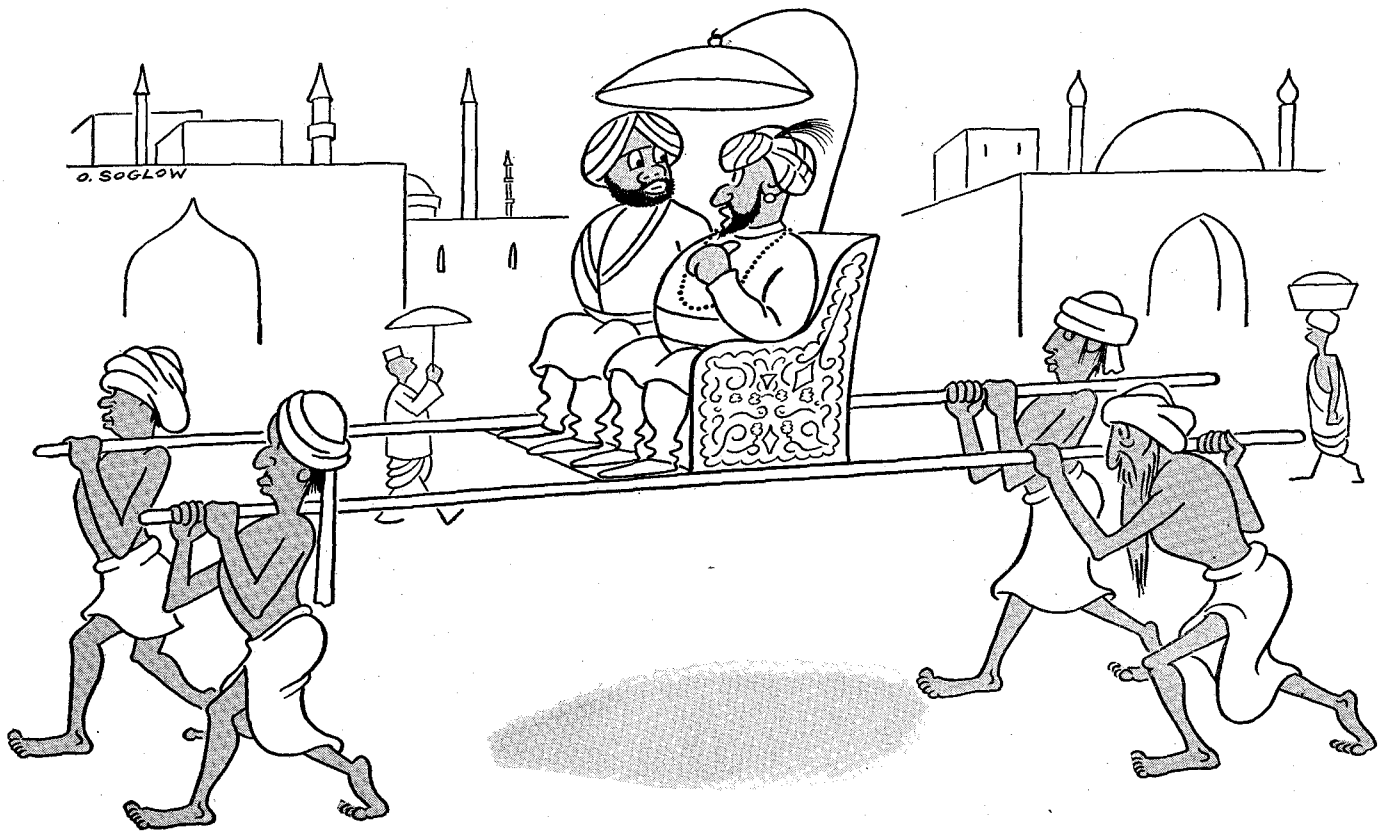
Tantalus

WE'VE heard—from a highly unreliable source, to be sure—of a soldier who seemed a cinch for a discharge on points, what with three years in the Army, fifteen months overseas, a daughter born last year, and a decoration. The officer who took charge of his case found just one little flaw. "For three years you have been serving under another man's serial number," he announced after a lengthy study of the documents involved. He toyed with a file folder for a moment, then added, "It's just possible that the Adjutant General may want you to start all over again."

Rigid

THE scaffolding that has hidden the ceiling of the Grand Central Terminal since last September is now being dismantled. Painters and plasterers have finished refurbishing some sixty-four hundred square yards of heavens there, and the golden constellations, slightly amended to fit the requirements of a barrel vault, gleam in a fresh green-blue sky. It took the Chesebro Whitman Company eight weeks to set the scaffolding in place, but Fred Faulkner, vice-president of the firm, the man in charge of the job, told us last Monday night that he hoped to remove it in three. "We'd have got it up faster but for the hurricane," he said. "The weather that week was fierce up under the ceiling—so close a man couldn't draw a decent breath." The fact that the dismantling takes place only between eleven-thirty at night and seven in the morning, when traffic in the concourse is very





"I hope that left rear holds up."

light and there's little danger of a dropped wrench or plank picking off a passing traveller, doesn't measurably add to Mr. Faulkner's difficulties. "My men are all sensible, middle-aged fellows, and don't seem to mind working all night," he told us. "We rope off the section of the concourse over which we are working, but so far we haven't dropped so much as a single nut or bolt."

Mr. Faulkner led us, first by elevator and then up a series of ladders, to where we felt our readers would expect us to go—up on the scaffolding, a hundred and sixteen feet above the floor of the concourse. It was just midnight as we got there. The information booth, a round, golden well way below us, seemed abandoned. Through a crack between the planks on which we were standing, we watched a couple of sailors work their way uncertainly from the direction of the Lexington Avenue subway entrance toward the Biltmore, turn, and as uncertainly work their way back. Mr. Faulkner stamped on the scaffolding to show us how rigid it was, and we cowered among the steel tubing. "This is the largest suspended scaffolding ever built anywhere in the world," he said, "and it was a bit tricky. In engineering, you know, a lot of things that look good on paper don't work out

so well in practice." He laughed in what struck us, under the circumstances, as a highly inappropriate way. Then he patted the section of steel tubing beside our head. "Look at these clamps. They hold the whole thing together. Nothing but friction. When we first showed our plans to the New York Central engineers, they said, 'Why, you can't build that! It won't stay up five minutes.'" Mr. Faulkner laughed again. "It's staying, isn't it?" he demanded. We said, "Yes," firmly.

We were about to descend a nearby ladder when Mr. Faulkner laid a hand on our shoulder. "My company worked out this patented system of steel tubing," he said, with painful deliberation, "after the scaffolding we put up during the building of the Sherry-Netherland tower caught fire and burned down. The joints lock into one another horizontally and vertically, and we lay these spruce planks over them. They're fire-resistant. The weight is suspended on cables which run from the tubing through the ceiling and are attached to the steel girders that support the roof of the Terminal. We used a good deal of this same scaffolding during the building of the Trylon and Perisphere, so you can see it lasts a long time." He beamed at us.

A workman started to go past us and Mr. Faulkner stopped him. "Show the

gentleman your wrench, Sam," Mr. Faulkner said, and the workman lifted a large wrench with an odd, egg-shaped head. "That's one of our patents," Mr. Faulkner said, "one of the things that speeds up the work. Show the gentleman how it works, Sam." Sam knelt down and began to unbolt the length of steel tubing under our feet. He turned the wrench a couple of times on the friction clamp attached to the tubing and said, "See? Loose already. A cinch."

We said, "And you tighten it the same way?"

"Not the same way," Sam said. "The other way."

"Oh, the *other* way," we said. "You mean—"

"Look," Sam said patiently. "Like this." Then he spun the wrench and tightened the clamp. "There!" he said. "Now it could stay a t'ousand years."

"That's fine," we said.

Isolationist

A FRIEND of ours heard a lady on a bus announce to her companion that she was expecting in December. "But, darling, that's the third inside of four years!" the other lady exclaimed, plainly astonished. "Well, after all," the pregnant lady said, with some spirit, "it keeps me out of politics."



"Do you happen to know where we could find a good sitter?"

WHITE BIMBO, OR, THROUGH DULLEST AFRICA WITH THREE SLEEPY PEOPLE

TAKE one thing with another, there are few places I know better than the heart of Africa. Set me down in Bechuanaland or the Cameroons and I will find my way home with less difficulty than I would from Rittenhouse Square or Boylston Street. My entire youth, in a sense, was spent on the Dark Continent. By the time I was eleven, I was probably the world's foremost authority on the works of Sir H. Rider Haggard, or at least the foremost eleven-year-old authority in Providence, Rhode Island. My impersonation of Allan Quatermain tracking down a spoor was so exact and so forthright that a popular movement sprang up among my fellow-citizens to send me to Mombasa. I was, however, not quite ready for Mombasa and begged off. At fifteen, I could quote Mungo Park and Paul Du Chaillu so glibly that my sponsors revived their project, this time offering to send me to Tanganyika. It became sort of a good-humored tug of war to get me out of New England. I don't want to sound chesty, but I suppose I've done more harm to Africa in my day than Cecil Rhodes.

It came as a pang, therefore, to learn that my achievement had been overshadowed by that of a complete unknown, a person whose name occurs in no encyclopedia or reference work on Africa. Armand Brigaud may well be a familiar figure in the Explorers Club, and he can probably be seen any afternoon shooting billiards at the Williams After-Shave Club with Denis Conan Doyle, Burgess Meredith, and Lauritz Melchior. Frankly, I never heard of him until yesterday, when I picked up a yellowing copy of a pulp magazine called *Jungle Stories* and read his novelette, "Killers on Safari." Though it costs me an effort, I shall give the man his due. In "Killers on Safari," Armand Brigaud has written finis to the subject of Africa. After him, the deluge. Me, I'll have a double deluge with very little soda, please.

TO be quite candid, the safari the author celebrates in his title is about as exciting as a streetcar journey from New Haven to Savin Rock, and his flora and fauna suggest the lobby display accompanying a Monogram jungle film. What lifts "Killers on Safari" from the ruck is a cast of characters out of Daisy Ashford by Fenimore Cooper, with Superman acting as accoucheur.

Their adventures are recorded in some of the most stylish prose to flow out of an inkwell since Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona." The people of Mr. Brigaud's piece, beset by hostile aborigines, snakes, and blackwater fever, converse with almost unbearable elegance, rolling out their periods like Edmund Burke. Here, for example, Diana Patten and Walter Huntley, a couple of the characters, in a sylvan glade, as their porters take a short breather:

"A coarse forest pig shuffled out of a ravine and began nibbling on a bamboo root. The shapely hand of Diana Patten made a gesture which encompassed the whole scene as she said softly: 'These beasts of the wilderness know when it is safe for them to come near the most murderous of all mammals: man!' Walter Huntley stared adoringly at her symmetrical features, which became so girlish and gentle when her red lips parted in a smile. For the thousandth time he thought that she was unusually tall, but breathtakingly gorgeous, from her wavy blonde hair down her statuesque body to her shapely feet. The big pig trotted back into the ravine."

This tropical idyll pauses for approximately twelve hundred words of exposition to establish Diana's and Walter's identity, and then:

"The forest hog emerged again from the ravine, leading a sow and four piglets. 'Are they not coarse, rough, and as perfectly alike as rain drops in every detail excepting size?' Diana chuckled, snuggling against Walter's shoulder." I cannot recall a more engaging passage in fiction, and I've been trying for almost eighteen seconds.

The principals of "Killers on Safari" are three: Dr. Hargrave, a goatish New York physician travelling through Sierra Leone on a scientific mission vaguely related to rejuvenation; Walter Huntley, his guide, a former patron of alcoholic beverages, seeking redemption; and Diana Patten, the doctor's nurse. Judged by ordinary hospital standards, Diana is the least conventional nurse ever sent out by a registry. The decorative heading represents her as a toothsome showgirl, clad in a minute swatch of rayon and transfixing a gigantic black warrior with an assagai. "As a student in a women's college, she had won prizes in archery and javelin throwing contests," Mr. Brigaud fluently explains. Diana, in all

justice, has her softer side; somewhat later, when she and Walter are rushed by a savage, she cries out instinctively, "Don't kill him, but put a bullet into one of his legs!" Diana's innate sentimentality continually gets in her way; further on, a black chieftain named Wambogo invites her to share his pallet and she taunts him into duelling with javelins, with this result: "It would have been easy for her to disembowel Wambogo before the latter could bring his own spear into play. But she preferred to maim him. . . . Therefore she split open Wambogo's breast muscles, and cut his tendons under his armpit. Then, as he howled with pain and rage, she slid out of his grasp, leaped back, and pinked him through a leg." Lucky for Wambogo that Diana was only pettish, or she might really have unsheathed her claws.

The story opens with Diana warning Walter that their employer, Dr. Hargrave, has become jealous of their attachment and means him no good. Her apprehensions are justified, for the Doctor is everlastingly crouched in the shrubbery, tremulous with desire, cooking up schemes for eliminating the guide. At length he eggs on a treacherous native named Itira Nlembi to ambush Walter, but the latter draws first claret and the aggressor slinks off into the potted palms with the equivalent of a broken neck. The party now proceeds sluggishly to the territory of a tribe of fierce hallboys called the Amutu, where Dr. Hargrave divides his time between healing the sick and pinching Diana. She finds his attentions odious and haughtily terms him a boor. Dr. Hargrave smarts under the insult:

"So I am called a boor!" he mouthed angrily. "I begin to have enough of your sponsoring the cause of the former tramp, Miss Patten!" And turning on his heels, he strode furiously toward the central pavilion. . . . When the portly bulk of Hargrave disappeared behind the lap [*sic*] of the pavilion acting as a door, her spirits sank and she moaned: 'From bad to worse!'

It is bad, very bad, to be under orders of a man on the verge of insanity! I wonder how it will all end!" It all ends quite spiritedly, with Hargrave putting a slug in the guide's ribs and Walter bringing his revolver butt down on the Doctor's skull. This surprisingly restores good-fellowship all around, and the rivals unite to repulse an attack by the Amutu. Hargrave herewith exits untidily from the plot, struck down by





"Where am I?"

a battle axe, but thanks to a homemade avalanche and some fast spear work by Diana, Walter and she get clear. It then transpires how foresighted Diana was to major in archery at college; she keeps the larder well stocked with antelope meat and liquidates a black leopard who waylays her in the greenery. Some index of her pluck on this occasion may be gained from Walter's words following the event:

"You acted with amazing spunk and skill. You are a marvelous heroine. But, damn it! For a moment I nearly got a stroke at the thought that that awful lion was about to tear you to shreds!" He implores Diana not to

go hunting unescorted in future, but, womanlike, she disregards him and sallies forth. Thereupon her lover behaves much in the manner of a Keystone two-reeler: "Walter tore his hat from his head, slammed it on the ground, and kicked it." Whether he jumped up and down on it or flung a custard pie after her is not indicated. His blood pressure again starts vaulting when a courier reports that Diana has been taken captive by Itira Nlembi: "Walter saw blood on his face, and on one of his arms, and almost got a stroke." Walter, in fact, constantly appears to be hovering on the edge of a syncope; the next time he sees Diana, in Itira's lair, he reacts char-

acteristically: "Walter nearly became apoplectic at the sight of her dishevelled hair, bruised arms, and torn clothes." My knowledge of hypertension is elementary, but it seems to me Walter would be far better off rocking on the porch of a New Jersey milk farm than mousing around Sierra Leone.

The story (for want of a better term) now develops what is unquestionably the tiniest crescendo in the annals of modern typesetting. Itira Nlembi, overcome by Diana's charms, offers to make her his queen. Diana responds in her usual polished forensic style: "I have been waiting for some hare-brained proposals ever since your evil-smelling grub-eaters ambushed and overcame me by sheer strength of numbers!" Nevertheless, playing for time, she pretends to accede on condition that he court her for two months, as befits a lady of rank. Itira, anxious not to breach the rules of etiquette, assents. Then, aided by two ladies of the harem, the lovers vamoose and race to meet a British relief column they have magically notified. Itira's hatchetmen, of course, give pursuit. At the couple's darkest hour, just as Walter's arteries are snapping like pipestems, comes deliverance: "Walter's calm voice was belied by the feverish look of his eyes and his twitching lips. Suddenly, he beamed ecstatically and shouted at the top of his lungs: 'Oh, my dear, there will be no reason of hurting that pretty head of yours! Look down there, toward the north! Don't you see gun barrels gleaming under the sun? They are coming, the British!'" A few rounds of grape disperse the blacks, and the British officer in command benignly advises Walter and Diana to get themselves to the nearest chaplain. "And," he adds, with a gruff chuckle, "'could I be best man? I sort of think it would round up my memories of this chapter of adventure spiced by human interest.'"

And so, as apoplexy and archery join lips under the giant clichés and Kipling spins in his grave like a lathe, let us bid adieu to Armand Brigaud, a great kid and a great story teller. See you around Lake Chad, old boy, and don't take any wooden rhetoric. —S. J. PERELMAN

"Die Walkure" by Wagner will be presented Friday night. In the title rôle will be Emery Darcy, formerly of Minneapolis. Also in the cast are Helen Traubel, Emanuel Liszt, Herbert Janssen, Astrid Varnay, Blanche Theobom and the eight Valkyries.—*University of Minnesota Daily*.

A sister act?

POOR MARY

AT the last minute, Nicholas remembered flowers. He went out and gathered some primroses from the hedgerow, hardening himself not to notice the snap of their stems. It was one of his fidgets to dislike picking flowers.

The road sloped away downhill. Here and there the leafless hedge was tufted with white where the black-thorns had come into bloom. It was like a black wave breaking into lips of foam. Down in the valley a plume of white steam rose up, its summit catching the pink light of sunset. It was still hanging there when he heard the train go on. And he knew that his wife, shouldering her pack, had handed in her ticket and joined the nondescript civilian group waiting for the bus. The white plume thinned out, the train gathered speed, snorting on toward London. Mary had got out at East Wickering.

"I want to spend this leave at home," she had written, "unless you'd rather not. It's more than time I saw you in your hermit cell." If it had not been for the last sentence, he would have supposed she wanted to spend her leave with her family.

"Flowers for the guest room," he said to himself, setting down the spotted mug in the center of the bureau. The bed, an old-fashioned double bed with brass end rails and a white quilt, suddenly seemed a bed in which he had never slept. It looked like Wordsworth's bed, so monumentally domestic. He must manage that she saw the camp bed first. For the last week, he had spent his spare time preparing for her, scrubbing the floors, polishing the windows, putting away his clothes, his books, his papers, so that his dwelling might offer its most impersonal face to her inspection. Now that he had remembered flowers, everything seemed ready. The food on the table was covered with a napkin to keep the flies off it, the kettle was in a state to boil when he wanted it to, the water cress was keeping cold in a damp cloth. He sniffed at the ends of his fingers, and once more washed his hands very carefully. He had been cleaning out pigsties all the morning. Then he set off to meet his wife.

He had not seen her since 1941. A conscientious objector, he had applied for exemption from military service. The day after the tribunal had granted him exemption, provided he worked on the land, Mary had volunteered for the

A.T.S. They had never agreed about war, so neither was surprised by the other. "But as we are bound to argue," she had said, "and people will only laugh at you if you have a military wife coming on visits, I shalln't come. Unless you are ill, of course. Then I will apply for compassionate leave."

One of the things he had learned in four years as a farm laborer was an exact computation of time. So he met her where he had intended to meet her, fifty yards from where the bus had set her down. He knew she would be wearing a uniform, but it was a surprise to see that part of the uniform was a skirt. He had been similarly astonished on their wedding day, when apparently he had been assuming that she would come up the aisle wearing white satin trousers. Seeing the skirt, he also saw her legs below it, and that they were fatter than they used to be.

"Hullo, Nicholas," she said.

"Hullo, Mary."

She smells of metal, he thought, as much as I smell of dung. We are subdued to what we work in. He had smelled her; he had seen her legs. He did not seem to have seen her face. He took her pack and said, "Look! There's a hawk!"

"I suppose they do a lot of harm to the crops," she replied.

"Wood pigeons are worse," Nicholas said.

She set off, walking with quick, resolute steps—marching, in fact. Just as there was a difference between their smells and a difference in their gait, there was a difference in their man-

ner of speech. Her voice had grown rather common and twanging; it sounded uncared-for. And she jumped from one subject to another. She seemed to preface every remark with "Gosh," and he to inaugurate every reply with "Um." Listening to himself, he thought, "Do I sound more like the village schoolmaster or the village idiot?"

A melancholy tenderness that was almost entirely the dusk suffused him. Blackbirds shot across the path from hedge to hedge, scolding at them. Beyond the hedges, lambs bleated and rushed away at a ghostly gallop. He had been working since six that morning and was tired and craved tea. Yet each time they paused for Mary to recover her breath, he was glad to postpone the moment of reaching his house, and when the one chimney pot reared into view above the hedge and beneath the evening star, he said gloomily, "Here's where I live."

"It's nice. And all to yourself? Lucky bastard!"

"There are only two rooms," he said defensively. "The third one leaks."

"Is it old?"

"Run up after the last war by a chicken-farming ex-service man," Nicholas explained. "When he was ruined, my farmer bought it. As he bought it very cheap, naturally he doesn't trouble to keep it in repair. So we sit in the kitchen. But I've got a chemical closet."

It was strange to hear her feet on the floor of concrete slabs. Not strange to her, though, who had been living for four years in Army constructions. The only strange thing to her would be to hear two pairs of feet instead of



THE MUSEUM

CLASSIC

Who rose up like a goddess from the sea,
A vision of beauty to haunt so many houses,
Dies in a marble stasis, gallery goddess.
And only the prurient children will discern
How wet flanks gleamed in the sunlight, the very waves
Shone admiration through the racing foam.

It comes to this: the bleak memorial halls,
The guide in sour serge, the tired feet,
And faint through the mausoleum walls the sound
Of streetcars. These patterns have their meanings far
From the grove of olive trees, the passionate dancers
Hot in the frenzy of Etruscan summer.
It comes to this: the middle-aged on camp chairs
Sketching those marble limbs that once were love's.

RENAISSANCE

Princeling in velvet and furs, the fair-haired boy
With a sly smile and a goblet of gold wine.
Also the costumed dwarf, the chained falcon,
The spotted hound arrogant by the throne.
Such profusion of wealth, such suffocating beauty!
And all set down with a genius for the rich
Self-confident detail. But time is traitorous.

Easily the baize walls confer their apathy.
Time closes in, an anonymity
Of dust and varnish. The sly smile will induce
No further rubies. No emeralds will mingle
With the stuffed bird, the manuscripts swearing
Perpetual devotion. No more gold collars
To please the almost lifelike hunting bitch.

NINETEENTH CENTURY

A grace like swans, and swanlike gleaming at
The stage's center, turn and turn again
Those beautiful dancers. Oh, simple to understand
The fashionable painter disowning his *faubourg*
Of expensive portraits. Simple to understand
How in an age of dying gods this grace
Is godlike. Fairer than swans, they float in the blue light,
Over the blue lake hover in a white radiance,
Glide and fall, rise up, circle, like swans,
While legato the music calls each swanlike gesture.

Oh, at this instant the complex is simple;
Time poses no problems, Art is volition.
But already, poised in the future, the apotheosis
Of the meatpacker, the thwarted anguish of the slums.

CONCLUSION: THE GALLERIES

The doors are closed. The lights turned down. The dog
Trots through the galleries sniffing the air
For some possible intruder. The streetcars creak
In the night, and the camp chairs are stacked in a storeroom.

Oh now, surely, the haunting spirit of beauty
Rises from its long sleep, now, surely,
In the empty silence, delivers its messages.
The archaic lips open, and reaffirm;
The fair-haired boy reads in the dim light
The perpetual parchment and is glad and proud;
The dancers tremble in a reawakened music;
And sure in the darkness achieve an affirmative meaning,
Where love whispers softly, heard at last,
Whispering, consoling, promising: I am Love.

—WILLIAM ABRAHAMS

thirty. He moved the kettle forward on the range, removed the napkin from the table, and lit the candles.

"Candles!" she said appreciatively.

"Because it's a party. Ordinarily I use an oil lamp." His voice was still heavy with gloom.

"What queer, squat candlesticks! They're clay, aren't they? Did you make them?"

"No," he said. "I bought them at a sale. They're called corpse candlesticks. The idea is that you leave them by the body all night, you see, and the rats can't knock them over."

"I wonder you don't use them every night," she said as she began to eat. "Have you got any other cheerful curiosities?" She had taken off her cap and unbuttoned her tunic. The candlelight softened the contest between her natural high color and the too tawny make-up she had applied to it.

Seeing that he was looking at her, she said, "Isn't it calamitous how fat I've grown? It's that Army food—incessant gorges of starch. Gosh, those pud-

dings! Enough to make any girl look like a prize ox."

"When I first came here, I got covered with spots and boils," he said consolingly. "I thought I'd caught it from the pigs till I discovered it was my well. Now I boil the drinking water."

"I'd hate to have to do with pigs," she said.

"They're clean animals, really. It's just that they are overcrowded, and dirty feeders."

"Sounds like the A.T.S.," she said.

He cut more bread, reflecting that he would need to bake again on the morrow. Habit, of course, and mass feeding, and the goaded appetite of the disciplined, though that would not account for the scatteration of eggshell,



the jam spooned onto a salted plate, the wide periphery of crumbs and cigarette ash. Nerves, he thought. Poor Mary's nerves are strained. His own strained nerves obliged him to sip his tea as though it were Napoleon brandy and frown at an iron mold on the cloth.

"Lovely bread, Nicholas," she said.

"Soda bread," he explained. "I bake it myself."

"You seem to have a lot of time. Don't you ever do any work?"

"Fifty-six hours a week. Sometimes overtime. Pigs on Sunday. But it fits in, somehow, and I don't dislike it. And the alternative would be to have a woman in."

He had not meant the unkind implication and she did not perceive it. Staring round her as though in a foreign country, she said, "And the polish on everything, too! You've been wasted, Nicholas. You ought to have been in the Army."

"Yes, Sergeant."

She flushed and refused to eat any-

thing more, like an abashed child.

"Walk round and see the rest of it," he said, and got up and moved to the bedroom door. "Here's your room."

"Pretty flowers," she said, and walked into the bedroom.

Glaring at the double bed, he remarked, "I've got a bed in the third room."

"But that's the room that leaks. You said so." She had turned around from the mirror, and it was as though the mirror had given back to her her former countenance, at once innocent and domineering, as in the kitten's face one sees the face of next year's mother cat.

"It doesn't leak in dry weather," he said. "I expect the cat's there now. She comes in and out by the window."

"Cat? Why, you used to hate cats. You said they tortured birds."

"So they do. So I do hate them. But I found this animal in a trap and dressed its paw, and the damned beast has adopted me. It's a female, too."

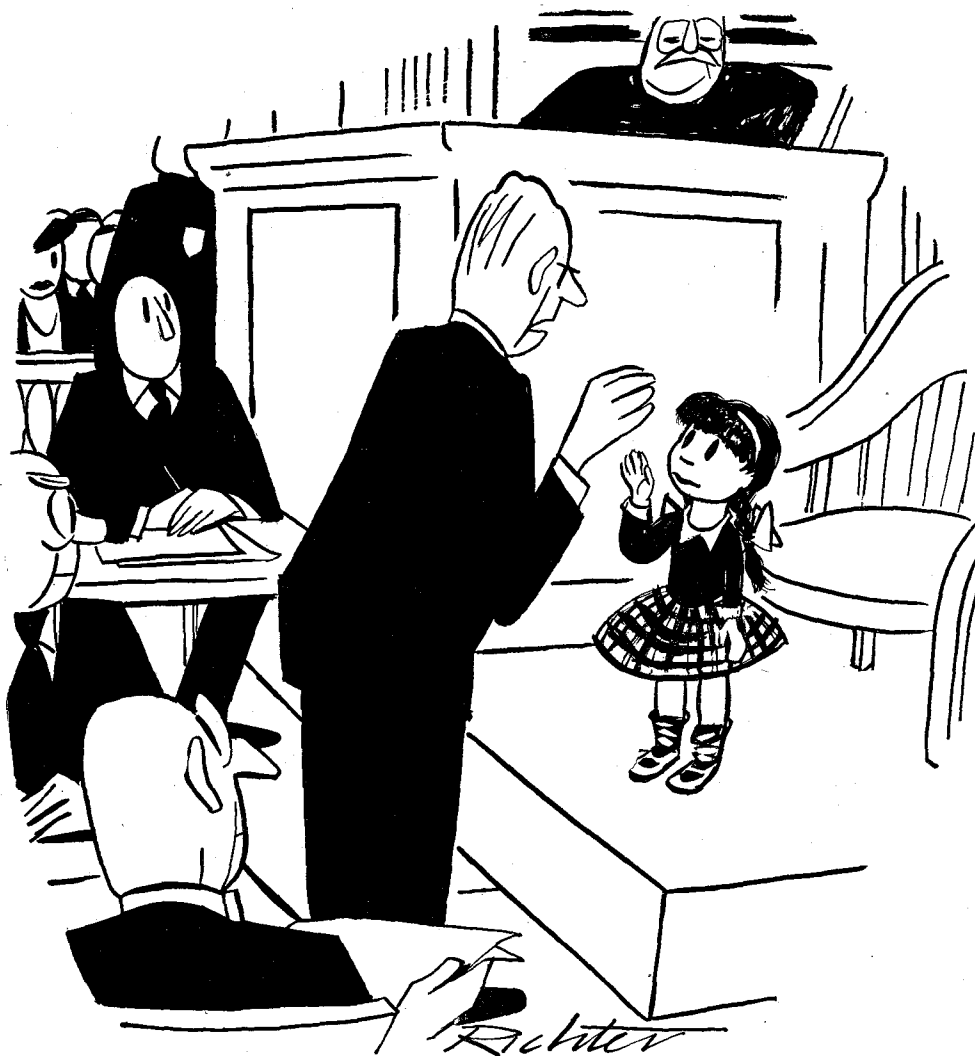
"Life's harder in the country, I expect," she said. It was for such slanting ironies that he had first loved her—for that, and for smelling of geraniums, and for the chivalrous, quarrelsome disposition which had kept her by his side before his exemption was assured, saying hopefully that he might need someone to scrap with the authorities. But, unseeing, she went on to undo it by saying, "You know, a lot of people are awfully interested when I tell them my husband is a C.O. You'd be surprised how many feel the same way. All these murder cases, you know. Everyone's dead against the death sentence."

"It doesn't surprise me very much," he said. "I was in the train the other day—I had to go to a dentist—and there was a bomber crew in the same carriage, and they were talking about a murder. They all agreed that it was wrong to take human life. I asked one of them why, and he said because you can't know what you're meddling with."

"Exactly!" she exclaimed. "I've heard dozens say the same thing. I'm beginning to think so myself. I think they ought to abolish it. I expect they will, now the war is over."

"They'll abolish war, my dear. Belligerents always abolish war after a war. It's harder to part with a death sentence. And impossible to give up hunting and shooting, because hunting and shooting make us what we are. Have a cigarette?"

"I don't think you've grown any



"Now repeat after me, 'I cross my heart and hope to die.'"

pleasanter," she said. "Is that an owl? Let's go back to the kitchen."

IN the kitchen the clock was ticking, the kettle was boiling. Three hours earlier the bed had not seemed his own. Now his kitchen was not his, either, but some sort of institutional waiting room where two people had made an inordinate mess of a meal. At last, irked beyond bearing, he rose and began to clear the table and to wash up. The hot water in the bowl, the feeling of the crockery, dried and still warm as he stacked it on the dresser, the re-assumption of his ordinary evening routine began to console him. He moved to and fro more nimbly, preparing for the two breakfasts he would get in the morning, pouring the remains of the tea into the bottle he would carry to work with him—he had grown to enjoy cold tea—rinsing out the teapot and standing it on its head, throwing out the slops and bringing in the kindling for

the morrow's fire, winding the clock and putting the cat's saucer down on a sheet of newspaper. Now, had he been by himself, he would have raked out the fire and gone off to read in bed. Instead, hospitality constrained him to say, "Have you brought a hot-water bottle?"

She did not answer. With the kettle in one hand and the wood basket in the other, he glanced at her. Her head was resting against the back of her chair and her eyes were closed. She was not asleep. She was openly and abjectly crying.

He built up the fire and put on the kettle. This, whatever it was about, would mean more tea. Then he patted her shoulder and said, "Poor Mary!" She put up her hand, that was so plump and so demonstrably manicured, and clung to his wrist. She's going to have a baby, he thought. The cat in the trap that had clawed him to the bone, clawed and clung, had been within a few days

1.



2.



of giving birth. He had made her a nest in the wood house, but she had limped off to hide under a gorse brake. The kittens had grown up and gone their wild way, and now the mother was pregnant again. But for poor Mary there was nothing but some sort of nursing home.

She clung to his wrist and rubbed her head against his arm. Molting, he thought, still clinically remembering the cat. She was going to have a baby, no doubt of it. It accounted for everything—for her nerves, for her legs, for her appetite, for her coming. Poor Mary. Patriotism had not been enough; she had had no hatred in her heart for anybody, and so she was going to have a baby. The fortunes of war. Some get killed, some get maimed, some get with child. There ought to be a pension from the War Office. And in that dreadful uniform, too, that pitiable skirt. I hope to God, he thought, I shall not have to meet the father—one of those strenuous noodles, I suppose, who think badly of the death sentence. I'm damned if I will. And the next instant he was thinking, "My poor Mary. I hope it wasn't a rape." Meanwhile, his indifferent body was complying with the routine of his daily life, and he felt himself to be growing more and more sleepy and knew that unless he spoke he might yawn.

"If you'll let go a minute, Mary, I'll make some tea."

She let go. The hand that had been so strong fell on her lap and crept into the other hand. Presently it moved again and pulled out a khaki handkerchief, and she began to mop her eyes and snort back her tears.

"The damned war! It's the damned war, Nicholas."

He groaned assentingly.

"Now that it's over, how I hate it!" she said.

With an effort he refrained from pointing out that it was only in Europe that the war was over.

"If they'd let me fight, as I wanted to," she said, "I might be killed by now. If we'd stayed in London and I'd driven an ambulance or a pump, I might be killed by now. As it is, I've never been so healthy in all my life."

"You don't look well," he said. "I noticed at once that you looked tired. And you get frightfully out of breath walking up the hill."

"Fat! My healthy Army fat! When I come out of the Army, Nicholas, I shall come out healthy, hideous, middle-aged, and without an interest in life. And there will be hordes and hordes of me, all in the same boat. Gosh, what a crew!"

Giving up the hypothesis of a baby, he realized how much he was relinquishing. Once it was born, she would have been happy enough. "We shall all be in that boat, dear," he said. "Besides, you're a sergeant, aren't you? That's something. You'll soon get thin, once you're out in the rough and tumble of civilian life. Once you're thin, you'll take hold. You'll get interested in something or other. Probably you'll fall in love and make a fresh start that way."

The kettle was boiling. He began to prepare for more tea. "Fall in love? Fall in love?" she cried. "Not again! You see, I did it."

He paused, kettle in hand. Would nothing rid him of these turbulent kettles? "And he was killed? I'm sorry, Mary."

"He wasn't killed. He chucked me, and now he's married to another bitch."

"And that's all?"

"And that's all," she said.

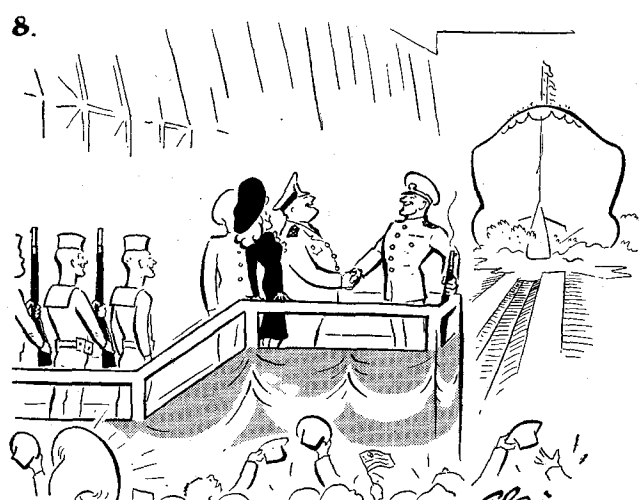
He glanced toward the clock. It felt like midnight, but it was only half past ten. If he could give her something stronger—some whiskey, some rum. A little rum, now, in her tea. But a pigeon-shooting party last week had cleaned out the Red Lion Inn of everything except aniseed cordial. "Sugar?" he inquired.

She looked at him.

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry," he said. "I asked you that only three hours ago, didn't I? I am an insensate clod."

"That's all right, Nicholas. Actually, I never take sugar. You could have had all mine, you see. Think what you've missed. Actually, why I came back was to see if you'd ever want to live with me again. Not that I thought it likely. Why should you? Anyhow, it's plain you don't. So that's over. What good tea you make!"

She drank in gulps, swallowing violently, swallowing tea and tears. "You were always domestically inclined, weren't you?" she said. "It will be a comfort to me, yes, really it will, to think of you being so happy and tidy and self-contained, with your cat and your corpse candles and your books and your flowers. Did Robinson Crusoe have flowers on his table, as well as his old cat sitting up to it like a Christian? I can't remember. Perhaps when we are both very old, I may come and spend the afternoon with you on your island. And you can make me some of your nice tea and ask me if I take sugar with it. But of course I'll give you ample warning. I won't be a disquieting footprint. I *did* warn you this time, you know." She had risen. She had picked up her cap and her pack and her cigarette case and her lighter and her lipstick and all her bits and pieces. "I think I'll go to bed," she said. "I've got rather a headache."



"Yes," he said. "We'll go to bed."

Leaving the room all anyhow, he thought, staring at her submissive military back in the doorway. Whether it made things better, whether it made them worse, it was the only thing he could do, the only way he could comfort her. They would lie in the Words-

worthian bed, their smells of dung and of metal would mingle, her shoulder would feel like greengages and her hair would get in his mouth, and she would be silent. It was one of her graces that she was silent in bed. And afterward, when she had gone to sleep, he would straighten himself and lie on his back,

letting the day's fatigue run out of his limbs as the fleas run out of the body of a shot rabbit. And probably his last waking thought would be of the alarm clock, poised to wake him at five-thirty, and of the limpid, innocent morning in which he would go out to his work.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

A REPORTER WITH THE B-29s

I-POSSUM, ROSY, AND THE THOUSAND KIDS

I HAVE been with the Twenty-first Bomber Command of the Twentieth Air Force in the Marianas since some weeks before the first B-29 strike against Tokio, on November 24, 1944, Guam time, which was Thanksgiving Day, November 23rd, here at home on the Eastern seaboard. I was physically and mentally and spiritually all present, duly accounted for, at my Bomber Command Headquarters on Guam last Monday afternoon, Guam time, which was last Sunday night here. Now, as I begin to put down these words with a yellow pencil on a pad, the calendar on the desk in my hotel room in Washington shows incontrovertibly that this is the Saturday morning after the Sunday morning on which I flew out of Guam. The morning newspaper on the bed bears this out. I have been gone from Guam, then, about a week. By Guam time, I left that Pacific island on a Monday afternoon and arrived at the National Airport in Washington the following Thursday morning. Or, by Eastern war time, I left Guam on a Sunday morning and arrived in Washington on the following Wednesday afternoon.

I arrived in Washington, spent two busy days at the headquarters of the Twentieth Air Force, in the Pentagon Building, and then was ordered to take twenty-one days' leave and to report back to the Pentagon for some additional duty, after which, presumably, I will proceed back to Guam. I am looking forward to this leave. I have been overseas—in India, in China, and in the Marianas—for two years. Like many men in the Army, I have had no furlough. I am, however, more fortunate than most of the living, the unwounded, and the unshocked. I got home for a while on my way out to the Marianas from Calcutta last summer, and before that I had four semi-official and delightful days off in Bangalore, India, in February of 1944. Yet all that being as it may, here I am in a Washington hotel room at 5:35 A.M. Eastern war time (3:35 P.M. of the following day, by Guam time), putting these words down on this pad.

I am doing this, I think, because I am still, in a sense, on Guam. The human body may be carried from Guam to Washington, a distance of some eight thousand miles, in sixty-eight hours total elapsed time, but it is my sober conclusion that the human brain, the human spirit, has to take such a trip by easy stages. Parts of me, in their own good time, are making their way over land and water from Guam and Kwajalein, from Honolulu and San Francisco. It may be a very sound idea indeed for me to spend parts of these days and nights before the brain, the spirit, is whole again in doing just what I am doing. By thinking about the Marianas, about Guam and Tinian and Saipan, by trying to recreate on paper a few moments of the life out there which I found so full, so satisfying, I shall perhaps be able to set up for the stragglers of my personal insides an irresistible temptation to hurry up and get here.

THERE was a wonderful urgency and an exhilarating secrecy about the B-29 outfits in the Marianas in what the Air Forces now think of as the early days, or the first phase, of the Twenty-first Bomber Command operations from Saipan. Out there, we still called it the V.L.R. program. V.L.R. stands for Very Long Range. The phrase

was coined in the days before the first B-29 raids by the Twentieth Bomber Command on southern Japan from Chinese bases back of Chungking. In June, 1944, everybody in Washington, and in India and China, avoided saying B-29 or Superfortress. In August of that year, when the first service units of the Twenty-first Bomber Command

were landing on Saipan and only a half dozen or so of its officers and a dozen or so of its enlisted men had reached the island, we in the Marianas spoke softly, if at all, of the Twenty-first Bomber Command and hardly ever of what kind of airplanes we were going to have. Yet everybody on Saipan knew that the B-29s were coming, including, we later learned, some uncaptured Japs in the hills who had told Tokio about it with

hidden radio sets. The island commander knew it—an Army infantry major general charged with the defense of Saipan from possible enemy counterattacks and with looking after the administration of the whole island, yet with no responsibility for the B-29 operations. The truck drivers hauling coral for the Aviation Engineers who were building the first landing strip knew it. The last of the Marines and Army troops moving off the island they had taken, and making way for the permanent garrison troops, knew it.

I do not know when again, in war or peace, any of us will have exactly the same feeling of a secret gathering of strength in a remote place for a great cause. We were preparing for an incredible and, as many very expert experts in all the armed services, including the Army Air Forces, thought, a practically impossible and maybe even foolhardy air operation, aimed at the heart of the Pacific enemy's home island of Honshu—at the city of Tokio, untouched since Doolittle's exploit in April, 1942.

Saipan is the northernmost of the three main islands of the Marianas. The two others are Tinian, across a narrow channel from Saipan, and Guam, some hundred and fifty miles to the south. Saipan has an area of seventy square miles, Tinian fifty, and Guam two hundred and six. Saipan is hilly and rather bare, but there are some pine trees in the hills and along the seacoast and there is some land suitable for growing sugar cane in the valleys. Its barrenness is not unattractive; you get a feeling of lots of space and air on Saipan. Some of the beaches are quiet and pretty, with white sand and clear, green water, and some are noisy, full of coral, and beautiful as some of the rocky beaches of California are beautiful. Tinian is green and flat, a stationary and roomy aircraft carrier of an island, and everything on it (including old stone walls, reminiscent of Connecticut and dividing what were once rich, flat farmlands) could easily be removed to make way for B-29 airfields. Guam is tropical, whereas Saipan and Tinian are only semi-tropical. Guam has palm trees, some fairly high mountains, and great jungles full of towering mahogany trees, jungles that are impenetrable except when Aviation Engineers or Seabees get to work on



them with caterpillar tractors and bulldozers.

Certain dates convey the urgency felt by all in the Marianas in those early days. Saipan, the first of the three main islands of the Marianas to be taken, was invaded on June 15, 1944, and declared secure on July 10th. Aviation Engineers landed a few days after the invasion and began building the B-29 airstrip. Ground units of the Twenty-first Bomber Command landed in August, were assigned some acres of sugar-cane fields, and began building their own establishments for the supply and maintenance of the B-29s, whose crews were then still in training in Kansas, Colorado, and the Caribbean. The head-

quarters for the first wing of the command, which was to be responsible both for combat operations from Saipan and for servicing planes on the island, began to arrive by boat on September 7th. Brigadier General Emmett (Rosy) O'Donnell, who was to command the wing on Saipan, arrived on October 20th. Then Brigadier General Haywood S. (Possum) Hansell, Jr., commanding the Twenty-first Bomber Command, the over-all parent organization of B-29s in the Marianas, flew out the first B-29 and assumed command. He was under orders from the Twentieth Air Force headquarters in Washington, which got its directives straight from the Joint Chiefs of Staff. After personally taking his B-29 off from the Saipan strip for a test flight with a full load of bombs and gas, Hansell radioed his chief in Washington, General of the Army H. H. Arnold, that he could put on a maximum effort against Tokyo as early as November 6th, if such an effort was desired. He estimated that this force would consist of about a hundred B-29s. The date for the first strike was finally set for November 14th. It will not benefit the enemy now to know that this first mission would have been run on the earlier date, in conjunction with a strike by naval carrier-based aircraft, had it not been for the Second Battle of the Philippine Sea, which made it necessary to de-



"Pardon me, can you tell me what this line is for?"

lay the carrier strikes until later on in the Battle of Japan.

The position of Hansell in relation to O'Donnell is clear if you understand that the Twenty-first Bomber Command, which Hansell commanded, was eventually to include (and now does include) at least three wings such as the one O'Donnell had on Saipan in those early days I am talking about. There would, in time, be Brigadier General John H. Davies' wing on Tinian and Brigadier General Thomas S. Power's wing on Guam, in addition to O'Donnell's wing. Hansell was to command the whole business from his permanent headquarters on Guam—a headquarters tactfully established some thirty minutes by jeep, or five minutes by airplane, from the wing which Power was to command on the same island. Except for a small staff that had been flown to Saipan, the personnel of Hansell's Bomber Command headquarters were on transport ships en route from the West Coast to the Marianas at the time of the first B-29 strike on Tokyo. And in those early days there was just the one wing, on Saipan.

HANSELL is called Possum in the Air Forces and O'Donnell is called Rosy. I shall use these nicknames because those are the names I think of when I think of these two men. Face

to face with either one of them, I use the title "General." Possum is forty-one years old, Rosy is thirty-eight.

The night I shall remember ever above all others in that early period is not the night of the first takeoff for Tokyo, though that had its moments. There were four or five nights before that first takeoff which had their moments, too. Although the first mission was finally set for November 14, 1944, it was not run until November 24, 1944 (Guam time). Weather conditions over both Tokyo and Saipan caused an almost unbearable but quite justified series of postponements. I am Staff Press Censor and Public Relations Officer for the Twenty-first Bomber Command, and at that time I had some thirty-odd war correspondents on my hands, all of them wanting very much indeed to get the story of that first mission out to the world. I was anxious to help them get it out to the world. But what occupies a special place in my memory, and will always be there, glittering with clarity, is a part of a night some ten days after the first mission was finally run—twenty-five minutes of that night, when I was with Possum and Rosy and neither of them uttered a single word. It was in the silence of those twenty-five minutes that I got to know those young generals.

I lived and worked in a tent twen-

ty yards from Possum's and I made a point of trying to know at all times, as we say, where Possum was going, why he was going there, and how long he would be there. That seemed the best way of keeping in close touch with what was going on, which was an important part of my job.

I had first met Possum in the Pentagon Building, when he was Chief of Staff of the Twentieth Air Force. That was in June, 1944, when I got back to the United States after seventeen months in India and China, where the Twentieth Bomber Command of the Twentieth Air Force had just begun its first strikes against the steel mills around Yawata, near the upper tip of the southernmost of the main Japanese islands. I was taken in to see him after it had been explained to me by those in authority that I was not going to have the twenty-one days' leave I had been expecting, or even fourteen days' leave, but that, instead, after maybe a couple of weekends in New York, I was going very rapidly to Honolulu and thence to Saipan, Tinian, and Guam to get communications channels, censorship directives, and other public-relations matters fixed up well in advance, so that the news of the first B-29 operations from the Marianas would, with the assistance of the high naval command in the Pacific, get out fully and fast to the world.

When I was taken in to see Possum, he knew that he was going to be given command of the Twenty-first Bomber Command, then tactically disposed and stamped Top Secret, with some of the ground echelons and service organizations preparing to embark from the West Coast for Saipan by ship transport. He knew that I had been relieved of my post in India and assigned as his Staff Press Censor and Public Relations Officer. I knew that he was going to get the job, but he didn't know that I knew. And since it had not been officially announced, Possum didn't tell me, and since he didn't tell me, I didn't let him know that I knew. We hypothetically and briefly discussed general policies. I suggested ways and means of cooperating with the public-relations and censorship staffs of the high naval command in the Pacific, basing my suggestions on experience I had had with the complex command channels, communications facilities, and censorship setups in the China-Burma-India Theatre. Possum approved in principle. "I may be seeing you out there," he said. "I hope so, sir," I said.

The operational problems of the B-29 program in the Marianas were enormous. To fly fifteen hundred miles over water (most of it enemy water) and back again on a mission, and to land on bases on pin-point islands in the middle of the vast Pacific—there wasn't anywhere else to land—was something unprecedented even in the Army Air Forces, in which tough problems, such as flying fifty thousand tons a month over the Himalayas from India to China, were considered routine. Everything about this proposed operation was both difficult and unprecedented: the fact that the B-29 was a fairly new airplane, untried except in the short experience of the Twentieth Bomber Command in China; the unknown mental effect on air crews of a dangerous over-water flight to their target, of unknown hazards to be met there, and of the additional strain of an extremely hard and long flight back to the island bases, finding the bases, and landing on them in patterns of air traffic that would be called overcrowded at such commercial airports as LaGuardia Field. All this, and much more, Possum had weighed and considered with other precedent-breaking minds on the Air Staff in Washington. The citation for the Distinguished Service Medal he got later on tells in official language what sort of mind, what sort of imagination, he had. I shall quote it in full:

"For exceptionally meritorious services to the Government in duties of great responsibility from November 1943 to November 1944 as Army Air Forces member of the Joint Staff Planners, as Chief of Staff, Twentieth Air Force, and Commanding General, Twenty-first Bomber Command. Gen-



eral Hansell was active in the formulation of strategy in the war against Japan and in the effective employment of the Very Long Range bombardment weapon. His recommendation was a material factor in the final decision made by higher authority to seize the Mariana Islands. With aggressive faith in the Very Long Range bombardment weapon and inspiring enthusiasm for its strategic potentialities, this officer inaugurated a determined program of planning to get the maximum number of B-29 groups into the Mariana Islands within the time schedule allotted for the operation, to insure that the success of the Army and Navy in obtaining base areas in the Pacific could be fully exploited. General Hansell, by his great ability and untiring energy, succeeded in overcoming the obstacles that stood in the way of successfully implementing the approved conception of Pacific strategy. He personally followed up his plans by taking units of the Twentieth Air Force to the Island of Saipan and started operations which have clearly demonstrated the proficiency of this weapon in daylight raids on Japan's strategic targets. General Hansell's effective participation in the planning, preparation, and introduction into combat of one of the most important strategic weapons of the present war has made a material contribution to the over-all war efforts of the United States."

I asked Hansell, many weeks after our first meeting, how his nickname happened to be Possum. He has a way of half closing his eyes, not in a relaxed manner but tensely, as if focussing them inward, when he is about to reply to a question which requires some consideration. He focussed his eyes inward for a moment. A small wrinkle, an admission that humor was being recognized and appreciated somewhere inside the head, appeared on one side of his tight, purposeful mouth. He said, "I must answer that with a negative statement. The nickname does not suggest that I resemble the beast in question either in physiognomy or habits. I have no accurate information as to the explanation of its origin." He grinned, and then his eyes focussed inward again. They gave me no clue to what considerations had abruptly taken possession of a mind which by that time I knew was able to operate with the precision of automatic bomb-bay doors opening and closing, and with effects as devastating.

As a matter of fact, Possum looks



*"It's the same old story. Everything I hate is coming up
and everything I like isn't coming up!"*

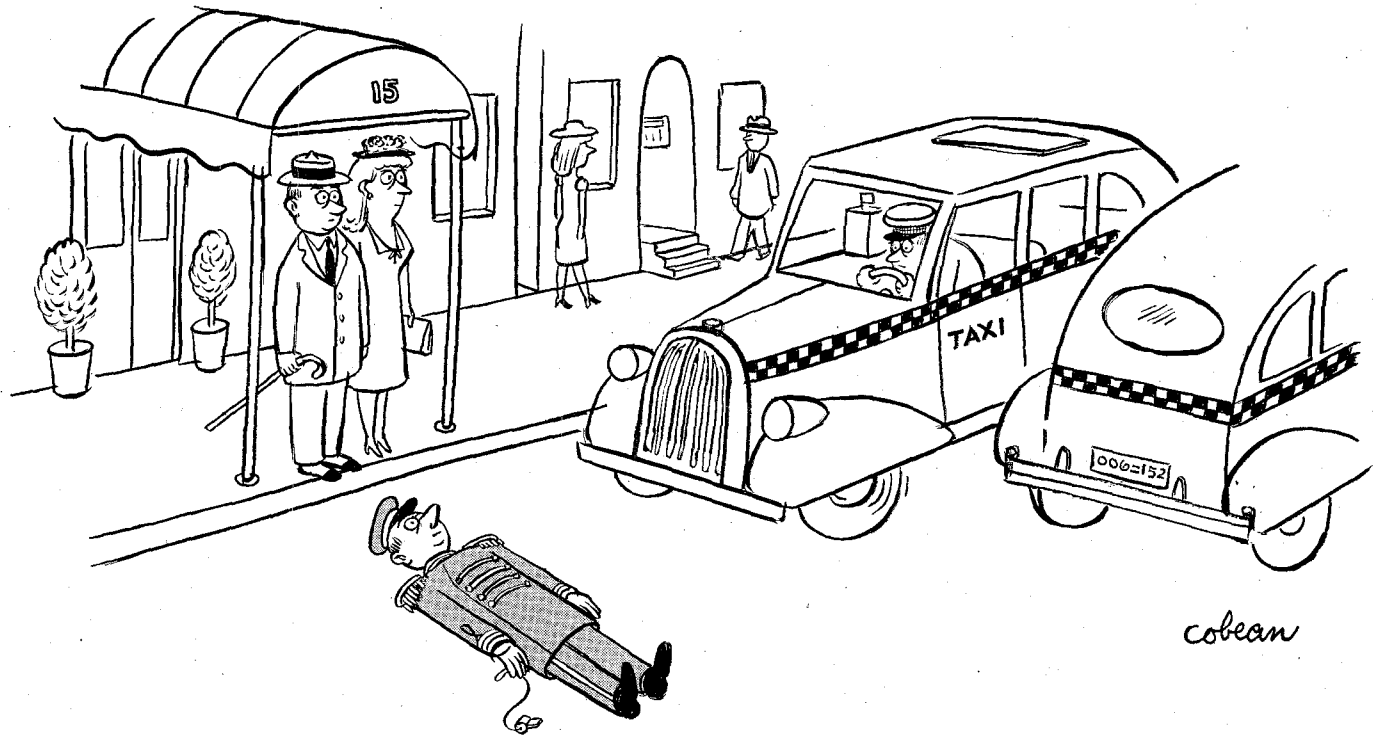
like a wide-awake, smart, kind, somewhat preoccupied, and very efficient possum. He has a charm that is increased by an obvious and honest inner effort to overcome a shyness which might be mistaken for primness. He told me once that when he was a young man he had worked in a steel plant. Old friends of his say that he was a machinist's helper one year, a machinist the next year, something better the next, and chief engineer of the whole plant the fourth year, after which he decided to go into the peacetime Air Corps as a pilot. Another time, he told me that as chief engineer of the steel plant he had had to carry out all sorts of social obligations that seemed beyond his income, and that he never had either peace of mind or very much fun. As an officer, he found that his social obligations were standardized by Army economics, since nobody had very much money and people lived comfortably on what they had. He had no more money worries after he went into the Army, although he had reduced his gross income, even counting

rent allowance and everything, by more than half. He is a very good pilot. He used to do air acrobatics with Major Général Claire Chennault, now commanding the Fourteenth Air Force, in China. Ten years ago, the two would go up to three thousand feet or so and make graceful and rhythmical passes at each other while Mrs. Chennault watched from the front porch of the Chennaults' quarters at Maxwell Field, Alabama. She would criticize their maneuvers constructively and with detachment when they got back on the ground. The war put Possum into combat flying, and after a brief, successful tour with the Eighth Air Force in England in its beginning days, when he first commanded a heavy-bombardment wing and then had one or two even bigger operational jobs, he became Air Planner for the Joint and Combined Chiefs of Staff in Washington, then Deputy Chief of Staff of the Army Air Forces, later Chief of Staff of the new and potentially great Twentieth Air Force, and finally commanding general of the

Twenty-first Bomber Command of that Air Force.

THERE are three specific times during an operation of the B-29s in the Marianas when a certain tenseness pervades the base. The first is the time of the takeoff, the second is the time of the first bombs-away message from the airplanes over the target, the third is the time when the earliest returning airplanes come in for their landings. These three periods are separated by a good many hours, because it takes the B-29s about fifteen hours to make the round trip between the Marianas and Japan.

On the memorable night I have spoken of, the night on Saipan, I was watching for Possum to come out of his tent and climb into his jeep, which he always drove himself. It is a policy of the Twentieth Air Force that the conduct of Public Relations should be of a sort which helps the correspondents learn everything there is to know about everything that is going on and which



censors their dispatches only for military security. Correspondents are asked to support certain general policies, mostly concerned with undesirable overstatement and exaggeration of the results of our operations, and they do this almost without exception, because they think it makes sense. On this night the correspondents were up at the landing strip, waiting for the airplanes to return. They usually got some interesting but not always dependable statements from crew members about how the bombing results had looked from thirty thousand feet. I was not planning to do much myself that night until I could get from Possum his opinion of the success of the mission, based on his interviews with the pilots, bombardiers, and gunners at the squadron interrogations, which he usually attended. I would get that later in the evening and pass it on to the correspondents. But I was at this particular time that evening concerned, as was everybody else, about the weather at our base.

To describe in a phrase or two the weather that had settled down around our airfield on Saipan that night, after the airplanes had dropped their bombs and started homeward over fifteen hundred miles of water, would perhaps require five or six words much used in the Army and Navy and elsewhere that in print would create a bad impression. It was the kind of weather everybody who knew anything about the matter had feared more than any other one menace to the early operations from

Saipan. The weather was a big, black, dark thunderstorm, teamed with a heavy, tropical rainstorm, and it had reduced the ceiling over our landing strip to zero, zero, zero, and zero.

As Possum came out of his tent, I left mine and saluted him. "Hello, there," he said, then asked, "Anything on your mind?" I said I had no public-relations problems at the moment. He said he was going up to the Operations tower on the field to watch the airplanes come in. I said that I would like to go along to the tower and accompany him to the interrogations afterward, if I wouldn't be in the way. "Get your extra raincoat," he said, with the thoughtfulness that is part of his nature. "You'll need that in the jeep. The seats are sopping wet."

In the tower were Brigadier General O'Donnell (Rosy) and three or four of his staff officers. It was the airplanes of Rosy's bombardment wing that were coming in to land after a strike on the Japanese main island of Honshu. We stood on an open, circular platform in the rain while the officers and operations clerks inside the enclosed middle of the tower, behind half-open glass windows, tried to pick up on their radio sets the first of the homecoming airplanes.

It should be explained that, with the navigational and other landing aids we had at that time on Saipan, nobody could have been expected to land an airplane by instruments in that weather.

The future held very few possibilities:

The airplanes coming in after their three-thousand-mile flight would have anywhere from ten to two hundred gallons of fuel left in their tanks when they settled on earth, provided they could get home and land after circling the field only once or twice. Exactly how much fuel they would have left would depend on how efficiently they had conserved it on the way up to Japan and, if battle-damaged, how much extra power they had had to use on the trip back. When a B-29 engine has been shot out, you have to pour more fuel into the three others than all four would require under normal conditions; furthermore, reserve tanks get shot up and have to be sealed off, or certain mechanisms fail or are damaged and prevent you from transferring your gas feed lines from one tank to another, and so on.

It was possible that the new airplane-maintenance field at Guam, a hundred and fifty miles south of us, would have a ceiling better than ours within the next hour. Although the weather over Guam was the same at this moment, it might improve before ours did, and a good percentage of our airplanes might have enough fuel left to get down there and land.

It was possible that, through some meteorological freak, a landing strip on Saipan normally used only by B-24s and some transport airplanes but big enough for B-29s would find that its ceiling had lifted before ours had.

There was, of course, also the pos-



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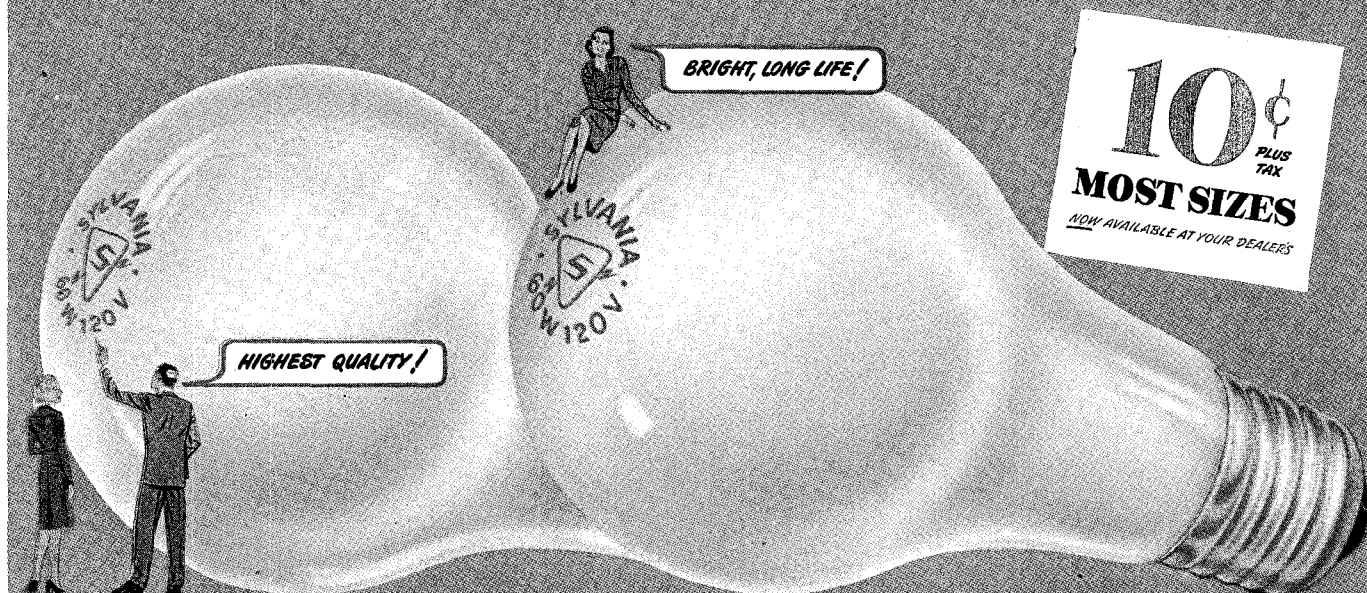
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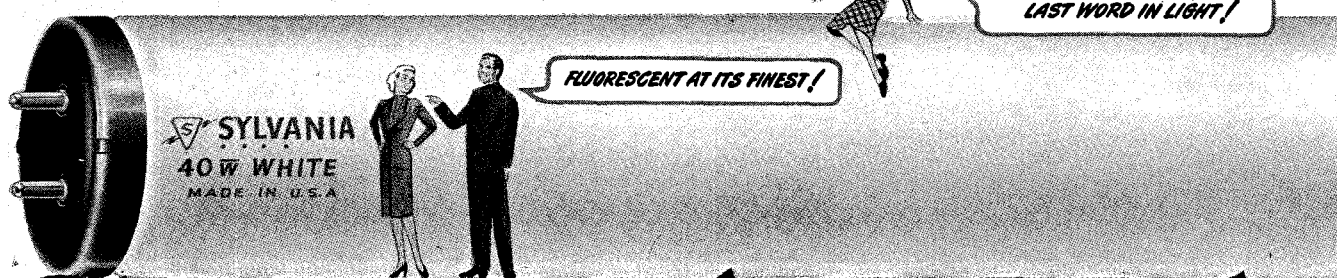
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sibility that our own airstrip, right here under us, would come into the clear in time for our airplanes to land on it.

Those were the favorable possibilities.

The only other possibility was a major catastrophe involving some hundred B-29s and their crews, eleven men to an airplane. The airstrip on Tinian was not finished and could not be used even in an emergency. And there were no other landing strips anywhere in the Pacific within range.

AFTER Rosy had said hello to Possum, and after the rest of us had exchanged a word or two about the weather, there occurred the twenty-five-minute period of utter silence to which I have referred.

Rosy is probably called Rosy because at West Point, in the nineteen-twenties, it was clear to all his friends that he was not rosy and would never be rosy. His face is pale—not in an unhealthy way but in what I would call a good, hard way. He is all vividly articulate Irish-American Brooklyn-born lightheartedness, humor, and spiritual gaiety, except for an inner toughness and thoughtfulness which the pale face subtly intimates. Possum had been grounded shortly before the first B-29 strike at Tokio, in line with the Air Forces policy for air officers in top command positions. Rosy therefore had led the first mission to Tokio. When Rosy climbed out of his airplane on Saipan after that first mission, he said to the war correspondents gathered round, "Well, I think we gave them a hell of an afternoon." The next day, his young son, in Brooklyn, made an equally engaging remark to newspaper reporters who went to Rosy's home to see his family. "I guess my father can do just about anything," the boy said.

The morning after that first Tokio mission, Rosy was busy studying, with his engineering officers, the possibilities of reducing the gas load in order to increase the bomb load, now that a flight by B-29s from the Marianas to Tokio and back was a matter of history. He was talking to dozens of airplane commanders and crew members to try to determine for himself the effect on them of the long flight, with the idea of recommending to his superior, Possum, whatever action he thought might be advantageously pursued on these operational and personnel matters. Possum, after the first mission, which he sweated out on the tower as he was sweating this one out tonight, was off on other trails

and tracks, all on a somewhat higher level of planning and improvement than Rosy's. Since he was the over-all commander in the Marianas, Possum was thinking of three wings or more, wings on Tinian and Guam as well as on Saipan. Rosy was quite properly occupying himself with problems of his units on Saipan, the problems of a wing commander. There were healthy disagreements between the two young generals over tactical and strategic problems and they discussed these matters informally at mealtimes and before supper in one another's tents.

This night, this unforgettable night, Possum and Rosy stood in the rain for twenty-five minutes in a silence that ached and groaned with agony, screamed with apprehension, and made no sound. Overhead, the first airplanes coming in and circling were occasionally visible on top of the rain and fog which had settled down over the stretch of earth on which they wanted to land. Their red and green flying lights and their orange landing lights winked and shone and flashed and moved in the distances of the sky like those colored necklaces of faraway railroad trains that run through American childhood—lighted trains seen from upstairs windows, beyond hills, through twilight, on rainy summer evenings.

The operations clerks and officers inside the tower told the airplanes to keep circling, that the weather was breaking. The weather officer did not know if it was breaking or not and neither did anybody else.

The rain fell uninterruptedly, the thunder sounded, the lightning glowed through the thick, soupy atmosphere. This was not the familiar, delightful, sudden tropical shower that comes, stays for three or four minutes, and goes away, fully satisfied. Meteorologically, as well as perfectly obviously, this was a storm of another quality, a storm that might last a quarter of an hour, a half an hour, an hour, two hours, and it was covering Guam and Tinian as it was covering us.

The two generals knew that everything had been done and was being done to prevent the catastrophe which might occur within a half hour, within an hour, there before their eyes and in the sea all around the landing strip. Long before the time the returning airplanes were due over the base, additional lights had been set up around the strip—searchlights which, in a code for just such an emergency as the one we now faced, signalled the location of the strip high into the sky, through the clouds

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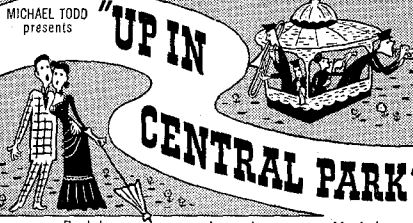
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5 Our part has been to supply huge numbers of Taylor Fever Thermometers and Blood Pressure Instruments to the medical services and to blood banks, also millions of other Taylor Instruments to war and war industries. Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester and Toronto.

and rain. Ambulances and fire-fighting bulldozers stood by. Improvised navigational and other landing aids had been rigged up to help the airplanes as far as such improvisations could help them. These things, and many others, had been done in accordance with plans worked out weeks before as a matter of routine. Thus far, the decision of Hansell, backed by Arnold, approved by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, concurred in by the high naval command in the Pacific, to strike the war industries of Japan at practically the earliest possible date, instead of waiting until we had a perfect, fully equipped, full-strength force to operate from perfect, fully equipped bases, had been paying off. MacArthur's men, invading the Philippines, had benefited by our unexpectedly early blows at Japan, which had thrown the enemy into at least a certain degree of confusion and had kept the Jap air force at home. Among Americans and their allies all around the world—so we had been told by the highest authorities at home—the news that Tokio itself was at last under heavy attack by American airplanes had raised morale, had given a glimpse of a Pacific campaign that was closing in on the enemy in that part of the world just as the European campaign was closing in on Germany.

And right now, this night on Saipan, there was nothing to do but wait and watch while the returning airplanes gathered over our landing strip and could not land.

The rain fell on the just hardened concrete of the runway, on the black-topped asphalt of the taxiways and hardstands, splashed into the faces of the ground crews crouching in pup tents alongside the places where the homecoming B-29s would park, if they ever did park. It fell on the surrounding white-capped sea. It washed away some of the unfinished roads leading from the airstrip to the air crews' quarters; it flooded already muddy roads and walks in wing and group and squadron establishments along the bluff over the sea; it ruined the previous day's work of the Army Engineers, who were building three-lane asphalt highways to the impressive headquarters of the island commander on Saipan's highest hilltop; and it made a mess of the carefully graded terraces between the closely packed Quonset huts where the administrative business of the island would be carried out weeks later when a fresh invasion force took off from Saipan to invade Iwo Jima. It fell on the cemeteries of the Marine and Army men who had been killed in

the battles that won the Marianas from the Japanese.

The rain fell and drained inside Possum's and Rosy's raincoats, streamed down their backs, down their chests, over their stomachs, down their thighs, their legs, their ankles, into their muddy, soldier's shoes. It trickled off their hats into their ears, into their eyes. They stood looking into the almost impenetrable sky, walking up and down, looking to east, to west, to north, to south, and saying nothing. There was nothing they could do and there was nothing they could say.

It was Possum who, after twenty-five minutes, saw something that could be put into speech. "It's breaking over there," he said.

Rosy took a look as Possum pointed. "That ought to be it," said Rosy, nodding.

In three minutes some stars could be seen. In four, the circling airplanes no longer were distant lights, wandering the sky in loneliness and uncertainty, but had become the great, familiar, graceful forms, with their high tails and long, intent noses. There were not yet enough of them circling over the single airstrip to create more than a difficult air traffic problem. There would have been enough in another ten minutes to create a traffic problem something more than difficult, the way they were streaming back from Japan. They began landing one by one and an hour or so later they were all down and safe in the arms of their ground crews, their grease-monkey mothers and fathers.

Everybody on the platform began speaking to everybody else as soon as the rain stopped and the stars came out, as soon as the first airplanes had begun to land. One of the officers said, "I don't want any more of that, with a hundred damn airplanes up there and no place for them to go."

Possum heard him, smiled happily, and focussed his eyes inward on some thought known to him alone.

Rosy said, "Yeah. A hundred airplanes were up there—and a thousand kids." Then Rosy, too, smiled happily.

—ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY

(This is the first of a series of articles on the Twenty-first Bomber Command.)

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OF ALL THINGS

THE situation in the Levant is too complicated for most of us to get through our heads. It would seem that the problem has eight or nine angles, all of them painfully acute.

The Big Three at San Francisco have agreed emphatically that they will stand by the decisions reached at Yalta. The only trouble is that each of them has a different recollection of those decisions.

In his review of the Pacific situation, President Truman gave some timely advice to the people of Japan. He suggested that they leave the big, noisy cities and go out in the country and study nature.

Many citizens, enraged by the meat shortage, are writing letters to the newspapers demanding the abolition of the O.P.A. A vegetable diet probably affects the minds of some people that way.

There are indications that the political campaign in Great Britain will be a rough affair. Any noises we may hear from England in the next month will be made not by bombs but by Tories and Labourites paying their disrespects to one another.

A Japanese broadcaster says that "we people of the nation must become one ball of fire." American bombers will do everything in their power to aid this worthy cause.

William O'Dwyer is now being mentioned as one of the most likely candidates for Mayor of New York. There is an astonishing possibility that this big Democratic city will be captured next November by the Democrats.

During the coming months our railroads must move millions of service men en route to the Japanese war. All civilians should spend their vacations at home this summer, if it ever comes.

We are told that there will be seven per cent less meat for civilians in June than there was in May. This program is brought to you by the National Tight Belt Company.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



KAUFMAN'S CRUSADE

HAVING been co-author of two vehement assaults on the cinema—"Merton of the Movies" in 1922 and "Once in a Lifetime" in 1930—George S. Kaufman came up with a third last week in "Hollywood Pinafore," a work borrowing from W. S. Gilbert only to the extent that the principals are vaguely counterparts of his originals but retaining Sir Arthur Sullivan's score intact. In spite of the enchanting music and the presence in the cast of a very great man called Victor Moore, I'm afraid that it isn't altogether a happy inspiration, since, essentially, it consists of interminable variations of that joke, apparently an obsession with Mr. Kaufman, about a system that puts a premium on illiteracy. Hollywood writers at the Alvin are paid seventy-five dollars a week, doormen four hundred, child stars eight thousand, performing dogs ten thousand, and producers five million, with bonuses. The writers, in convict stripes, are chained up in cells while they work, and gagged and blindfolded when they are released to attend a story conference; producers talk about buying the rights to the Bible and the fine opportunities for a jungle sequence presented by Poe's "Raven;" beautiful stars regard the legitimate stage as a sort of living death, since a girl appearing on it can get as little as a thousand dollars a week and is even required to know how to act; and so on, all night. While broad strokes are undoubtedly necessary in musical comedy, it is hard to believe that they have to be quite as broad as all that, and the effect is further diminished by the fact that the movies, while by no means adult, have at least grown up to a point where burlesque contemporaneous with quips about the Model T is no longer valid.

In addition to having these complaints, I strongly suspect that a lot of the allusions in "Hollywood Pinafore" are apt to seem moderately cryptic to audiences less knowing than the one assembled on opening night. For instance, a character not too

subtly billed as Louhedda Hopsons has a lyric containing the lines:

Poor Rita's divorcin'
That awful man, Orson—
I made that up just to please Hearst...

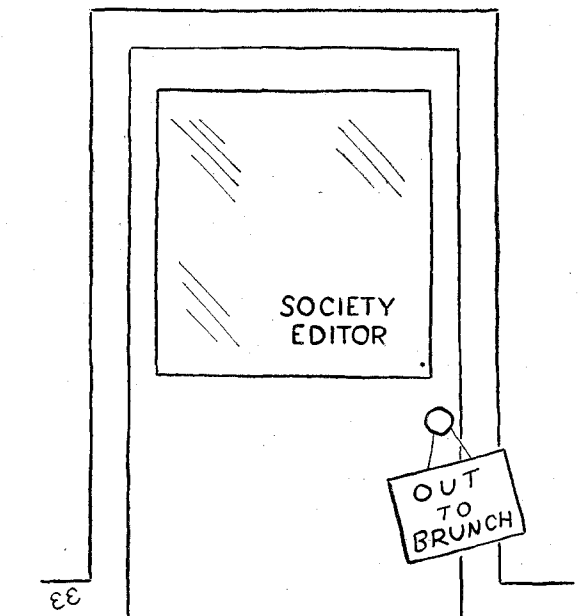
which requires an amount of special domestic and political information about the film colony that can hardly be expected from the casual customer, and there are copious references to such West Coast phenomena as the *Hollywood Reporter*, Darryl Zanuck, Mocambo, and other matters hilarious to the initiated but possibly just exasperating to sequestered types to whom the word Romanoff still suggests a dynasty rather than a restaurant.

Altogether, I should say that, aside from Sir Arthur's pretty tunes, last week's "Pinafore" hasn't much to recommend it except the always engaging personalities of Mr. Moore and William Gaxton (though the former is somewhat handicapped by the fact that his part calls for a purposeful lechery certainly foreign to his gentle and hesitant nature); some expert comedy, often independent of the script, provided by Shirley Booth, George Rasely, and Mary Wickes; and two very pleasant singing voices belonging to Annamary Dickey and Gilbert Russell. A ballet contrived by Antony Tudor has as its theme the story of a country girl

who forsakes her home-town beau for a Hollywood career (only to find all the glory quickly turned to dust) and while it is professionally executed, the whole notion seems a little too obvious and simple-minded to be worth the bother. Finally, I am obliged to report that the young ladies employed largely for purposes of decoration are, with the notable exception of a blond classic named Pamela Randell, getting money under false pretenses.

THE chances are that you've seen or heard just about everything in Billy Rose's "Concert Varieties," at the Ziegfeld, since most of the performers are celebrated in night clubs, on the stage, or on the radio. The program is heavy with talent, but it may be that, having been assembled to please a wide range of tastes, it will prove completely satisfactory to none. To a customer for whom the Rockettes or Bill Robinson represent the ultimate in dancing, it is likely to seem that the evening is top-heavy with those singular and incomprehensible artists whose activities are only partially cleared up by a footnote in the program explaining that they are executing an ancient Hopi ritual in which the handsomest young man in the tribe is annually sacrificed to placate Ho-Pat-Cong, the Resort Goddess. Mr. Rose has furnished no less than six numbers of this approximate design, danced by Rosario and Antonio and the companies headed by Jerome Robbins and Katherine Dunham, and while much of it is beautiful and exciting, the total effect is a little overpowering.

To those who admire comedy, two appearances by Imogene Coca and one each by Eddie Mayehoff and Zero Mostel are hardly apt to seem enough, and I'm not sure that their material has been as wisely selected as it might have been. Miss Coca has a fine routine, demonstrating that a girl looks lovely in fur, using samples clearly of no further interest to the moths, and her "Après-midi d'un Faune," danced with William Archibald, is parody of an exalted order. Her other offerings, however, suggest a very early edition of "New Faces" and it may be time they were put away. Mr. Mayehoff has an unfortunate time, in that his rendition of a pep talk by an over-stuffed businessman, quite a funny piece, is almost precisely duplicated by Mr. Mostel's one



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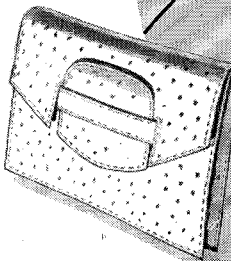
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about a senator addressing his constituents. Mr. Mostel, of course, likewise suffers because of Mr. Mayehoff, but since he is also equipped with an imitation of an Italian opera singer and another of a coffee percolator, I guess he comes out ahead.

The acts that come under neither of these headings are the Salici Puppets, who amazed me by being able to light cigarettes; Nestor Chayres, a Spanish tenor with admirable lungs; Ammons, Johnson, and Catlett, who play two pianos and the drums, with special and deafening emphasis on the last; and Deems Taylor, who serves as master of ceremonies with the genial and cultivated air of one addressing a ladies' club.

MARY ORR and Reginald Denham, a pair of authors who have misbehaved mildly in the past, reached a really spectacular low in "Round Trip," a nuisance committed last week at the Biltmore. Written with staggering vulgarity and acted in a manner fit to curdle the blood, it ejected me so prematurely from the theatre that I'm afraid I can't tell you in what dark backward and abysm of foolishness the sorry piece wound up. When I left, Mrs. Albright, an Ohio matron charitably described by her husband as a damn silly woman, was sitting on a bed swapping innuendoes with an unemployed actor, described with equal charity by somebody else as a chromium-plated son of a bitch. There were frequent jocular references to "a roll in the alfalfa," and at one point, on the telephone, the lady cried archly, "No, no! Not Allnight. Albright. B as in bed." The cast employed to grapple with the Orr-Denham pleasantries included June Walker, Sidney Blackmer, Phyllis Brooks, Eddie Nugent, and Jack Kirkland's little daughter, Patricia, who, I hope, is still too young to know what the hell she was talking about.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

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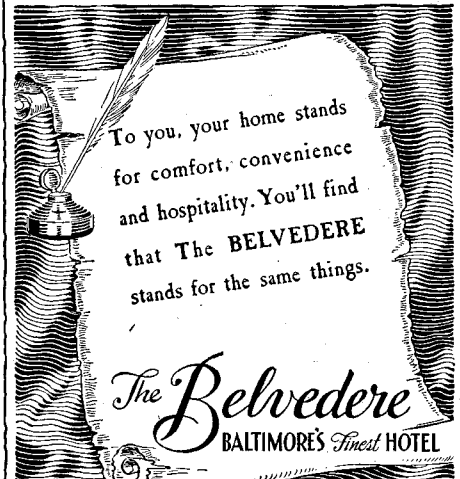
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BABES ON FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET

SHORTLY after Pearl Harbor, when some work turned up that made it imperative for my wife and me to move from the East River to the Potomac, we decided, rather reluctantly, to sell a medium-sized painting by Dufy that had been hanging over our living-room mantelpiece for several years. The storing of our furniture and the move to temporary quarters in a Washington hotel, at daily rates, raised slight problems of expense that made the sale seem a wise, if melancholy, course. We had to sell quickly, too; there was no time for extended negotiations.

We had bought the picture in Paris during the Exposition of 1937. A landscape hanging in the big show of modern French painting at the Petit Palais that summer was the first Dufy that had interested us. It was one of his views of the bay of Nice, with intense blue water and sky, violet mountains, a colorful crescent of shore-front buildings, and beaches dotted with figures. We asked our friend Mademoiselle Desgarets, who was in charge of sales at the show, how much it was, and she said it would be the equivalent of about nine hundred dollars. That was a good deal too much for us and we hopefully offered a lower sum. A few days later Mademoiselle Desgarets called us to say that the owner wouldn't come down a sou. "He's a wealthy man," she said, "who doesn't have to sell the picture and doesn't particularly want to. He put that astronomical price on it just as a kind of joke, to see whether some crazy American might really be willing to pay it. He asked me to congratulate you on not being willing to." We laughed and thanked her.

A week or so later, Mademoiselle Desgarets telephoned us again. "If you're still interested in a Dufy 'Nice,'" she said, "I know where there's one you might like. It's a little smaller and a lot cheaper than the one in the Petit Palais, but exactly the same view and of the same quality. A friend of mine has it in his gallery on the Boulevard Montparnasse."

She told us the address and we went around in a day or two to have a look. Mademoiselle Desgarets had been quite accurate, we found; the picture an-

swered her description in every particular. The equivalent of two hundred and fifty dollars was the asking price. We offered two hundred, the customary haggling ensued, and eventually the proprietor told us that we could have the picture at our figure on one condition. According to inside information in his possession, he confided, the franc was going to be devalued before morning, and he would have to be paid in dollars at once. Taking him and the Dufy in a taxi, we drove to our bank, where the dollars were handed over to him and we bade him farewell. We were not too surprised, the next morning and subsequent mornings, to find no news whatever concerning franc devaluation in the papers. We hung the Dufy in our hotel room and brought it back to America with us.

WE might not have thought of selling the picture when we moved to Washington had it not been for a discovery I had made a few weeks before. One morning, casting a passing glance at the show window of a gallery on the south side of Fifty-seventh Street, I had stopped in surprise at the sight of the picture on display. It was the other Dufy "Nice"—the one we'd been congratulated, four years before, for not buying at the Petit Palais for nine hundred dollars. And when my curiosity drove me in to ask how much it was, I was told twenty-five hundred.

Needless to say, I took our picture to that gallery. It was, I found, a rather haughty place—noted, as I later learned, for what the trade calls a "Long Island clientele" and for prices generally higher than other prices in town. I left the picture overnight for consideration, saying that my

price was a thousand dollars. When I phoned the gallery the next afternoon, I was told that I could call for it any time I wished to. No, they did not care to make an offer. The picture did not interest them. Feeling rather hurt, I took it away and my wife telephoned another gallery, this one just off Fifty-seventh Street on Fifth Avenue, whose dapper French proprietor—I'll call him Mr. Beaulieu—we had met socially a number of times. He came to the apart-



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ment the next morning, when I was out. My wife asked him to make an offer on the picture but, after looking at it briefly, he shook his head. "Oh, no, Madame," he said without hesitation. "Too small. Much too small to interest me, I am sorry to say. Thank you, Madame. I am sorry, Madame." He stayed a little while, talking of other things, and then left, without relenting.

These rebuffs discouraged us considerably. In the light of the twenty-five hundred dollars being asked for the other picture, they made us question our judgment. We had apparently bought a Dufy whose quality was insufficiently good to compensate, even in part, for its slightly smaller size. But we were determined to sell—all the more determined since our confidence in the picture was now so shaken. We entrusted it to a young American lady whom we'll call Miss Wilkins and who, although she had no gallery of her own, bought and sold paintings up and down Fifty-seventh Street on commission. We told her to get a minimum of two hundred and fifty dollars for it, and the next day she phoned to say that she had got two hundred and seventy-five. "I sold it to a friend of mine," she said, "a man who's a modest collector. I tried to get three hundred, but he said he couldn't quite go that high. I believe him, too; I happen to know he's not very well off." Miss Wilkins immediately sent us a check for the amount of the sale, less ten-per-cent commission for herself. We found some consolation in the fact that we hadn't lost on the picture; we'd even made a few dollars. But our pride was hurt. We had apparently chosen our Dufy badly.

DOWN in Washington, we were a good deal too busy, both before and after we'd found a furnished place to live in, to think about the Dufy very much, and the only time we saw any pictures was on occasional Sunday afternoons when we visited the National or the Phillips Gallery. It was on one of these excursions, after several months in Washington, that we ran into Mr. Beaulieu, wandering among the Chester Dale collection. We greeted him and, considerably to our surprise, he hurried over and attached himself to us, speaking volubly and in a way that was at once arch and reproachful. "Ah, bonjour, Monsieur et Madame. What a coincidence to see you! I have—how do you say?—a bone to pick with you. Yes, indeed. The other evening I was invited to dinner at the home of my good friend Miss Wilkins,

and there in her dining room I saw the beautiful Dufy that she bought from you, and . . ."

My wife and I stared at each other. "A friend . . . a man who's a modest collector . . . not very well off." Was that the customary phrase used by a lady on Fifty-seventh Street to describe herself? Apparently it was. And Miss Wilkins had taken a ten-per-cent commission for making the sale.

But Mr. Beaulieu was still talking to us. "And she was boasting about the low price she had paid for it. I must confess I was astonished, Monsieur and Madame, that you should have let so fine a picture go for so little. That is the tiny bone I have to pick with you. It is very unfair to us dealers, who have to make our living selling pictures, to dispose of a canvas at a figure so far under the market price as that. Do you not see that if the word of such a transaction should begin to circulate, the artist's reputation would suffer and we should find it impossible to maintain the prices we get for his work? It was very painful for me, I assure you, to sit there at dinner with Miss Wilkins the other night, with that beautiful Dufy on the wall opposite me, and listen to her tell me about her *coup*."

We stared at Mr. Beaulieu in astonishment. "But you saw the picture before Miss Wilkins ever did!" my wife exclaimed. "You came to the apartment and I asked you to make an offer on it!"

Mr. Beaulieu made deprecating gestures. "Ah, Madame! An offer! That is so difficult. A dealer assumes that connoisseurs like you and Monsieur know the market value of pictures, and he dreads offending you by offering the lower price which he has to offer if he is to make his living. A dealer has to think of people like you and Monsieur in the light of buyers as well as sellers, and he must avoid antagonizing you. A subtle relationship, a difficult position. I did not dream, Madame, that as soon as I was gone you would sell the picture to one of my competitors for so much less than the price which you could reasonably have asked."

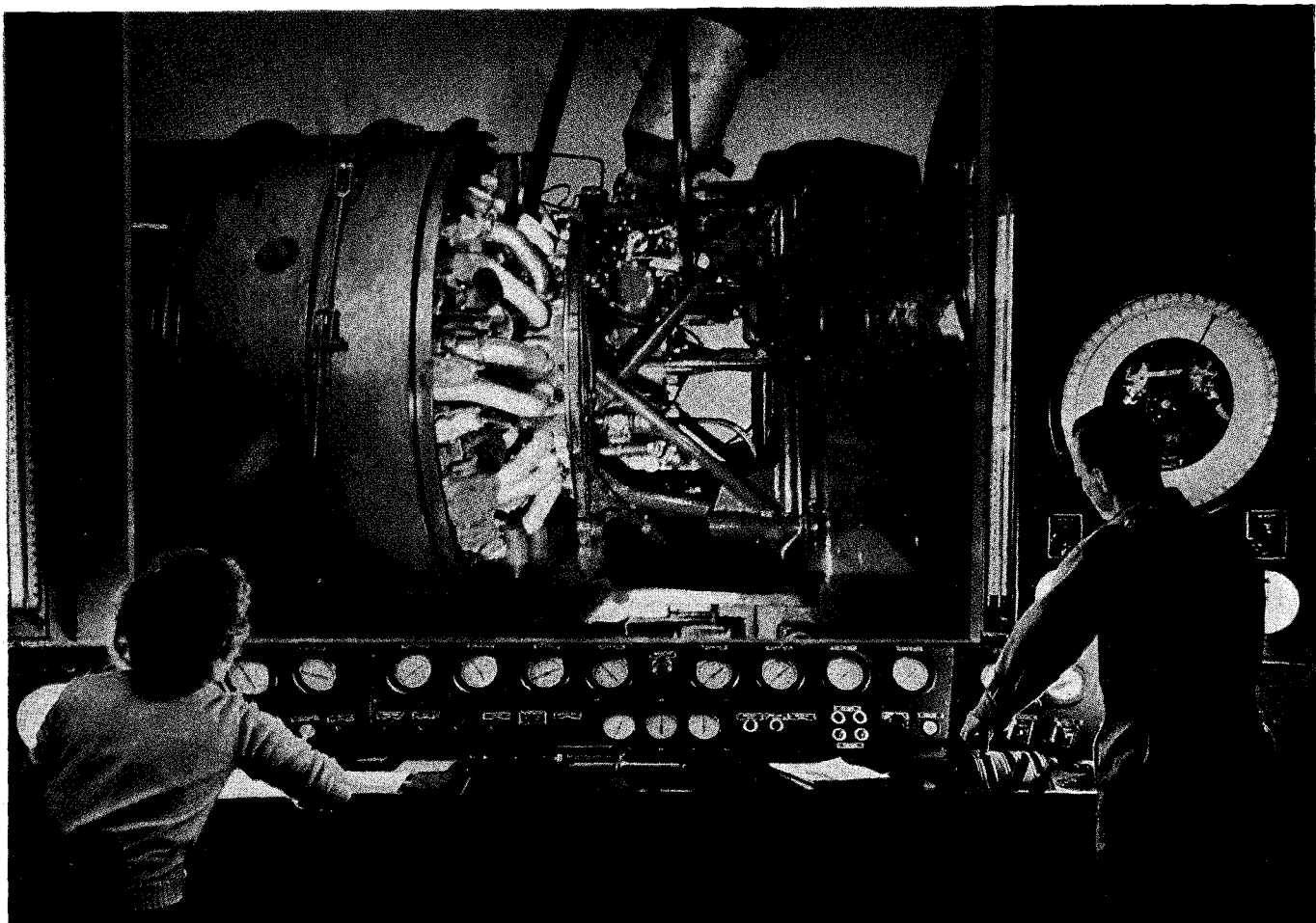
"But we wanted to sell the picture, Mr. Beaulieu," my wife said. "Why didn't you ask me to set a price on it, since you didn't care to make an offer, instead of saying it was too small and uninteresting?"

"One has to be so careful in these matters, Madame. One has to hint, to speak delicately. It is not a mere matter of business with us but of friendship. Ah, Monsieur and Madame, when I

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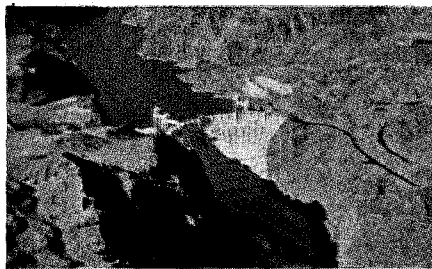


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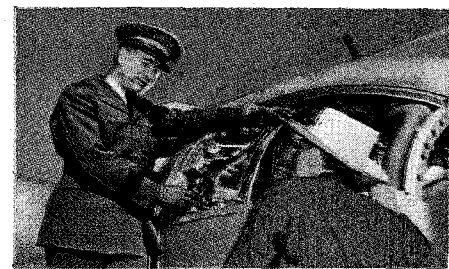
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1. Under the wing of a giant Lockheed Constellation, in the shadow of one of the big ship's four Wright Cyclones, two men talk. One is a veteran airline pilot who lives and works in a world most

people haven't yet begun to know or understand or even to imagine! The other, a man who has seen a whole vast western section of America change in his lifetime as if by magic!



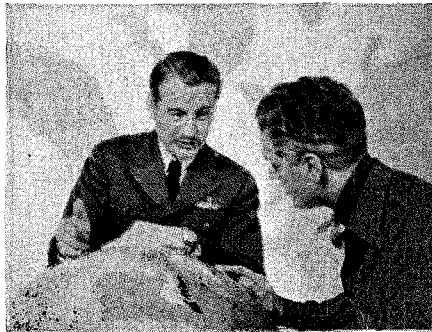
2. The Westerner operates a ranch that was literally made possible by power — electricity and irrigation from the great Boulder Dam harnessing the Colorado River. Power which made possible the conversion of millions of acres of barren wilderness into fertile ranches and farms!



3. No wonder he's eager to hear the pilot tell of a new super-power — such as that of the Wright Cyclone... the engine which speeds the great Boeing B-29 Superfortress across the air miles to Tokyo... power that makes possible a trans-Atlantic flight every 13 minutes.



4. Most efficient power plant in the world, today's Wright Cyclone packs a horsepower into less than a pound of metal. Four Cyclones develop more power than the mightiest locomotive operating in the Rocky Mountains... and already this new power is changing ranches and farms, business and homes...



5. These Cyclones help make possible the operation of U. S. transport planes over more than 110,000 miles of global air routes. For example, 1,800 cargo shipments daily leave a single U. S. airport, and millions of miles are daily flown by U. S. airlines and the Air Commands of our armed services.



6. Carrying our men, materials, ideals to the corners of the earth — breaking down barriers of distance — the Cyclone power of American aviation is changing the world you live in... right over your head!

LOOK TO THE SKY, AMERICA!

CURTISS WRIGHT

AIRPLANES • ENGINES • PROPELLERS

BUY BIGGER EXTRA BONDS IN THE SEVENTH WAR LOAN DRIVE

saw you here today and thought of the advantageous position in which, quite without meaning any harm, I realize, you have placed my good friend Miss Wilkins, I could not refrain from picking this little bone."

My wife and I detached ourselves as quickly as we could from Mr. Beaulieu, there among the Chester Dales. His company was too irritating, too bewildering, to be agreeable. The kind of subtlety which considered it less offensive to say that a picture was too uninteresting to make any offer on at all rather than to offer a fair buyer's price was not something we could hope to understand. And a dealer who earns a ten-per-cent commission by selling a picture to herself . . . We felt sombre for a while after that, whenever we thought of our Dufy—sombre and rather raw and shamefaced.

A MONTH or two later, when my wife and I were in New York for a weekend, we visited Mr. Beaulieu's gallery to see a show of modern French pictures that the critics said was particularly good. Our Dufy was among them. An assistant who didn't know us was in the room, and when we asked him the price, he said eighteen hundred. "It is one of Mr. Beaulieu's most recent acquisitions," he said. "Isn't it a beauty?"

It was indeed a beauty. It was shining with a new coat of varnish and was set in a flattering old frame, and it gave pleasure to everyone who looked at it—even to us. Mr. Beaulieu came into the room as we were staring at it meditatively, and he had the grace to flush as he caught sight of us. "Ah, Monsieur and Madame," he lamented, "if you knew what I had to pay, to get that picture, to my good friend Miss Wilkins!"

There was just the least bit of satisfaction to be got out of that, of course, and my wife got a little more, or claims she did, by saying, "It's beautiful, of course, Mr. Beaulieu, but don't you think it's just a trifle small?" He gave us a reproachful smile.

MISS WILKINS, the lady who sold our Dufy to herself and then to Mr. Beaulieu, we have never seen again; she joined one of the women's branches of the armed services not long after and is out of the country. But we—or at least I—did see the Dufy again, this last winter.

Not so long ago there was a big loan exhibition of Dufy in the gallery to which I had first taken our picture

distinctly masculine
decidedly correct

for Dad on *his* day



In handsome wood-capped bottles with full-color reproductions of sports paintings by famous American artists . . . Shaving Lotion, Cologne, Hair Dressing, 4 oz., \$1.50; 8 oz., \$2.50 • Sportsman Talc 75¢, \$1.00 • Shaving Bowls \$1.50 and \$2.50 • Sportsman Gift Packages \$2.50 to \$10.00. Plus tax. Only at Better Stores.

Sportsman
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Another June

Rung in with chimes for lovers reunited . . . with a ripening moon, big as a stage prop, to light the garden lawn. Another June to be commemorated with music, with poetry, with perfume . . . Yardley's own "Bond Street" . . . a scent as dream-touched as a summer's night. Find it traced through Yardley Lipstick and "English Complexion" Powder, too.

"Bond Street" Perfume:
\$13.50, \$9.50, \$4.50, \$2.50.
Powder: 8" English
Complexion" shades, \$1.
Lipstick: in smooth-glowing
colors, \$1.
ADD 20% FEDERAL TAX



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—the gallery on the south side of Fifty-seventh Street with the show window and the "Long Island clientele" which had offered me the nine-hundred-dollar Dufy from the Petit Palais for twenty-five hundred. By this time my work in Washington, and I with it, had been moved to New York, and I could roam around the galleries during lunch hour. It was just after lunch one day that I visited the Dufy show. The only other person in the place was a charming, débutantish creature at the desk—an assistant, apparently culled from the "Long Island clientele," who was in charge of the place while the proprietors were out to lunch. Included in the show was our Dufy, still in its elaborate frame and still gleaming beneath its new varnish. "Is this one for sale?" I asked the débutante. "It belongs to Mr. Beaulieu, I think. What do you ask for it?"

"Oh, no," the débutante said. "It did belong to Mr. Beaulieu, but it doesn't now. It's the gentleman who bought it from Mr. Beaulieu that's loaned it to this show. It is for sale, as it happens. Three thousand dollars."

I couldn't resist a low whistle at that, and the débutante smiled. "I know it sounds mad," she said, "although I assure you we've sold loads of Dufys of that size and quality for that price or even more. And, of course, the bay of Nice is a favorite subject. This one happens to belong to somebody who doesn't have to sell and isn't particularly keen to. He just put that fantastic-sounding price on it to see if anybody would pay it. He's making a mistake, though, if he really wants to keep his picture. I'll bet anything it's sold before the show's over."

That was a subject I wasn't making any bets on with anybody. I just told the débutante I wouldn't be surprised if she was right.

—FRANCIS STEEGMULLER

NON-STOP SENTENCE DERBY

[J. Otis Swift in the World-Telegram]

On the high sidehill the butterfly weed or pleurisy-root, light orange from June to September, looks down (until some cruel wildflower picker pounces on it) at its light crimson sister of the boglands and remembers Aesculapias, father of medicine, for whom the milkweed family was named, and wonders if his daughter Hygeia, goddess of health, would have preferred the hot sunshine of the wornout old fields where the orange milkweed glows, and the field sparrow sings, to the cool pale green twilight of the swamp with its catbirds, marsh wrens and swamp sparrows where the cheek of the swamp milkweed is such a ruddy dull light crimson—and the plant looks so sturdy and healthy!

THE RACE TRACK

Guessing Game

IT is now time to pick the winner of the Kentucky Derby this Saturday.

I am tempted to adopt the practice of those helpful tipsters who send their clients the straight-from-the-feed-box tips known as one-horse wires, which give different selections to different customers. The Derby seems to be an unusually open race this year. On figures, you can make any one of a dozen three-year-olds look like a real good thing for this race, provided you use the right figures. If my wishes were Whirlaways or Count Fleets, Ed Bradley would win it, because he's such a gallant old sportsman. After the Blue Grass Stakes of three years ago, I talked to him about his Bless Me, who had just been beaten in that race by Shut Out. "He's not Derby class," Bradley said. "I guess I'll have to wait until Bimelech's colts grow up, three or four years from now, and win it with one of them." Bradley was then going on eighty-three. Perhaps Burning Dream, who is by Bimelech, can bring this Derby off for him. Your guess is as good as mine, and probably a lot better. Burning Dream won the Derby Trial a fortnight ago, but he finished next to last in the Blue Grass Stakes on Saturday. However, the Blue Grass Stakes shouldn't be taken too seriously. My spies report that it was just a third-class rodeo, in which the more fancied runners were knocked about during the running. These horses, all Derby possibilities, included Calumet Farm's well-trained Pot o' Luck; Charlie Howard's Sea Swallow, who had won the Tia Juana Derby; Byameabond, who was a stablemate of Burning Dream until J. K. Houssels of Las Vegas, Nevada, a new man in racing, bought him recently for \$25,000; and Jay Paley's Best Effort, who has lots of friends but whom I can't see for sour apples. As you may know, the Blue Grass Stakes was won by something called Darby Dieppe, who isn't to be confused with Darby Doodit. No, I didn't make that name up. There really is a horse named Darby Doodit, I can't guess why.

The longer I think about Jeep, the less sure I am that he is a sound Derby favorite. He had to be ridden out smartly in the Wood Memorial to beat Gallorette, a filly hardly thought to be the equal of the best colts. Also, the

clockers whisper that he tires in his longer workouts. I must admit now that Hoop Jr. is a fast colt, but I insist that he hasn't the conformation of a good one. As for Alexis, I'm sorry to say that he looks too little and too light to stand the strain and stress of mile-and-a-quarter races.



THE only Kentucky Derby bet I want to make, in fact, is that there were more people at Jamaica on Memorial Day than there will be at Churchill Downs this weekend. Large crowds

at the Long Island tracks long ago ceased to be news, but they still manage to clutter up the premises in a way that keeps the conservatives in a high state of dissatisfaction. For the record, the jam of 64,537 at Jamaica on Memorial Day was an all-time high hereabouts. Also, it was something of an experience in a grandstand with a seating capacity of 13,500. It was something of an experience, too, to put a bet down in that crowd.

I can't say that the \$10,000 Excelsior Handicap, which was won by Saguaro earlier in the meeting, and the \$15,000 Grey Lag, which was won by Stymie last Saturday, were worth going miles to see. I can tell you, though, that the cloudburst which broke just as the Grey Lag started cleared twenty thousand spectators off the lawn in a minute and forty-nine seconds by Colonel Martingale's infallible stopwatch.

THE two-year-old who caught my eye last week was Enfilade, from Colonel C. V. Whitney's stable, who won the Rosedale Stakes by ten lengths. She is a smooth black filly by Boojum, with a turn of speed that is going to give Beaugay and others something to worry about. Horseplayers with long, white beards (and long, white memories) immediately recalled that another filly named Enfilade, owned by Morton Schwartz, won the Rosedale twenty-eight years ago and that she was a runner, too. —AUDAX MINOR

MISS MARY LOUISE STRUGGLES
WEDDED TO MR. HENRY F. KOLL
WEARING MOTHER'S BRIDAL GOWN
—Headline in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

She'll quiet down in a day or two.

LISTEN: JUNE 9, 1945

It takes a modern horse about 125 seconds to run the Kentucky Derby, but it takes Ted Husing three weeks to prepare for his annual broadcast. Husing, who has broadcast the last five races on CBS exclusively, leaves for Churchill Downs about three weeks before the running, attends the early morning workouts, talks to the jockeys, trainers, and owners, looks over the favorites. Then on the big day he goes on the air and concentrates in a half-hour commentary the color and tension of racing's most memorable event. The nearest thing to the excitement of seeing the race is listening to Husing this Saturday, June 9, at 6 p.m. EWT, on your local CBS station. ★

A worthy cause, a forthright speaker and the reaching power of a radio microphone is a hard team to beat, as witness the story of WDOD's one-day war bond campaign on May 24.

The Rev. J. Fred Johnson, pastor of the First Cumberland Presbyterian Church of Chattanooga, and a noted War Loan salesman, broadcast his first appeal for bonds on Columbia's affiliated station at 6:30 a.m. He made his last appeal at 11 p.m. He was on the air 28 different times for a total of 7 hours and 20 minutes. During the interval 500 people pledged subscriptions. When he signed off that night the citizens of Chattanooga and Hamilton County had pledged a total of \$1,047,000, of which 80% were "E" bonds, subscribed in the name of a service man, living or dead. Then Dr. Johnson went home, sat down at his desk and his Sunday sermon wrote itself. ★

A few weeks ago *Collier's* printed a poem by Norman Corwin called *Memo to the Living*. To read it was to be deeply moved. But on Sunday, June 17, at 7 p.m. EWT, you can hear it on CBS, amplified and orchestrated for broadcasting, and for millions doubly affecting. It is the first of a series of 13 new radio dramas entitled *Columbia Presents Corwin* by the leading craftsman of his time and medium. ★

Please remember to buy
that War Bond

This is **CBS**
...THE COLUMBIA
BROADCASTING SYSTEM



This amazing liquid saddle soap

CLEANS, RENEWS AND PRESERVES LEATHER



MILITARY GEAR



BOOTS AND SHOES



LUGGAGE

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GOLF BAGS

GUN CASES



HANDBAGS



UPHOLSTERY

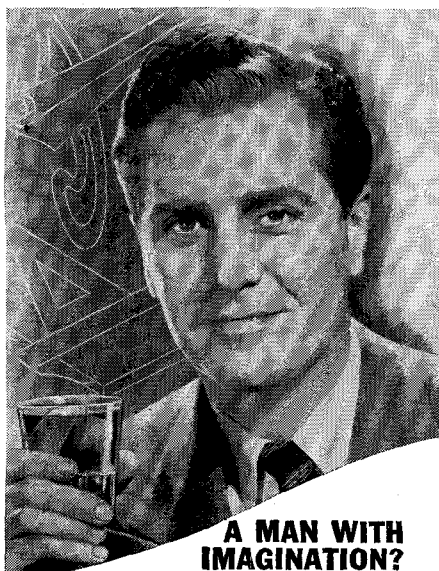


Nothing else quite like it! Neatsope works quickly, easily.

Softens dry, hard leather. Prompt use on wet leather prevents stiffness. Leaves no grease or odor. Will not rot thread used in sewing. 25c and \$1 at dept. and dime stores and wherever fine leather is sold.

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A MAN WITH IMAGINATION?

Plenty of imagination is indicated in the keen, alert gaze, the broad, full forehead of this man. He'd be the first to discover the smoother blending . . . the fuller flavour of a Rum Old-Fashioned made with . . .

FINE
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JAMAICA
97 PROOF



MYERS'S JAMAICA RUM

Remember: For that wealth of flavour, the Rum must be Myers's. Write for free recipe book to R. U. DELAPENHA & CO., INC. Sole Distributor in the U. S. A.

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LETTER FROM BERCHTESGADEN

JUNE 1 (BY WIRELESS)

LIKE the Reich that Hitler built to last a thousand years, his Berchtesgaden is now a grotesque and instructive heap of rubbish. A visit here can be highly rewarding, especially to archeologists, anthropologists, isolationists, and anyone who has ideas of sometime becoming a Führer. Better still, it makes nice sightseeing for American troops, hundreds of whom swarm over the charred grounds every day and poke through the dismal relics of the man who brought them to Europe in the first place. I have been doing a little poking myself.

To begin at the beginning, or at the foot of the Obersalzberg, you drive through the village of Berchtesgaden, pass American Army signs reading "To Hitler's Home," cross a simple, rustic bridge at the edge of town, and shift into low gear for the steep climb up the mountain. The glistening concrete highway is intact and very smooth. The vistas are breathtaking—now acres of pine forest, now snowcapped Alps, now green valleys below—and all along the roadside you see neat fences and dainty flowers. The first gatehouse is disarming, a naïve wooden chaletlike structure with an archway across the road. Except for two M.P.s standing guard, this could be the entrance to the estate of a gentleman, a gentleman with an appreciation of the countryside. The second gatehouse is more ominous. It is of wood and stone, standing forbiddingly on the hillside, and it is the first break with the setting, the first hint that perhaps the master of the estate was afraid of someone. Turn sharp right, inch up a steeper grade, and the road becomes broad and level as it runs along a shelf

of the mountain lined on both sides, as far as you can see, with a vast tangle of camouflaged, bombed-out buildings, all green. Instantly you realize that, even when these buildings were intact, they were a desecration of the surroundings, utterly without beauty—a bulky, brutal set of structures thrown together in haphazard fashion, spreading every which way, as though to satisfy a boundless and ugly dream. "In the name of God," said the corporal who drove me

up, "who ever called this place a retreat?"

There are few signs that Hitler had, or wanted, solitude. On the contrary, he seems to have had a passion for providing accommodations for hundreds of his cohorts. Above and behind his house, the Berghof, he constructed a massive, rectangular barracks to house eight hundred S.S. men. The barracks is badly in need of repair; there are gaping holes in the roof and piles of debris in the courtyard. Large sheets of ragged green metal, once used for camouflage, have been blasted from the roof and lie scattered over the ground. In the basement are garages, with their gasoline pumps and No Smoking signs. Except for one Mercedes-Benz, telescoped and fallen into a bomb crater, the cars are gone. The S.S. men are gone, too. According to German workmen around the place, they were the last to leave, after the heavy bombardment of April 25th. Adjoining the barracks are the remains of a long, low administrative building, and across the road is a hothouse, which catered to Hitler's love for flowers. Also on the estate were another building for S.S. men, close to the master's house; a guest house; a home for Goering, which is now crushed and silly-looking, as though

stagehands at the Metropolitan had taken hatchets and ripped apart a setting for "Hänsel and Gretel;" a home for Bormann, successor to Hess, and reputedly commanding officer of the estate in Hitler's absence; a nursery for the sturdy *Kinder* of the élite (the little Führers of the future); tunnels connecting all these buildings with one another and with Hitler's house, and leading up the hill to the final proof that privacy was certainly not want-

ed—a three-story hotel known as the Platterhof, with three hundred and fifty rooms and hot and cold running water.

Important visitors—field marshals, satellite premiers, high Party officials, and so on—were put in the guest house, but lesser Nazis always stopped at the Platterhof. The Führer's hospitality didn't include free room and board for the guests at the Platterhof; they paid their way. Now the 101st Airborne



Division, Army of the United States, occupies its low-ceilinged, cell-like rooms, each with two pine beds and a desk lamp. Most of the furnishings were destroyed by the French troops who were the first to break into the place and who, apparently under the impression that it was Hitler's house, smashed most of the windows and made off with china, glassware, wall decorations, and the hotel's plentiful stocks of fine wines. (Senator Wheeler, who came along several weeks later to view the wreckage of an establishment where he might easily have been made to feel right at home in the old days, was seen by someone tearing a telephone from a wall as a souvenir.) Behind the desk in the bare, uninviting lobby, a sergeant divides his time between acting as room clerk and passing out, to visiting troops, maps of the estate politely labelled "Obersalzberg, Hitler's Mountain Retreat." A model of the unsuccessful camouflage plan for Berchtesgaden, designed by a Munich architect, stands in the lobby; it is dotted with tiny buildings, trees, green nets, and so on.

Guests at the Platterhof ate their meals under gold-and-white wooden chandeliers in a vaulted pavilion adjoining the hotel. It sits on a bluff overlooking Hitler's house and has a large hat-check room, a kitchen with a *caffè espresso* machine, some deep-freeze tubs for ice cream, and a beer tap. A German electrician detailed by our Army to clean up some debris told me that Hitler's final military conference at Berchtesgaden took place in the pavilion last June, after our invasion. Two hundred generals, including Keitel and Guderian, attended. The meeting went on for more than two days, almost without pause. Hitler shouted so loudly that workmen in remote parts of the estate could hear his rasping voice as it pierced the clear mountain air. "He kept banging so *verdammt* hard on the table," the electrician said, "that on the second afternoon he knocked a heavy lamp onto the floor and I had to rush in with a new bulb." While the bulb was being put in, the Führer stopped his harangue and the generals watched the electrician in silence. The moment the electrician stepped outside, the Führer resumed.

THE right wing of Hitler's house received a direct hit in the great raid. The resulting fire spread to the rest of the building, destroying all the fittings in the main entrance hall except some squat red marble pillars. The big front room, with its famous large win-



**"What do you think
I'm doing down here?"**

*Just between
us —*

Just between us, he's looking for the button that popped off his shirt.

And if this fellow is as foxy as he looks, he's going to have it sewed right on again —and wear the shirt instead of chucking it back into the drawer.

Idea!

A swell idea for everybody these days of conservation.

Incidentally, if that were an Arrow Shirt, that button would still be grimly

hanging on. Arrow buttons don't give up easily! What's more, all Arrow Shirts—and only Arrow Shirts—have the perfect-

Incidentally...

fitting Arrow Collar, the Sanforized label, and the Mitoga figure-fit.

So when you need a new shirt, visit your Arrow dealer. If he can't satisfy you the first time, remember that much of Arrow's production is going to Uncle Sam.

So try your Arrow dealer again. He's doing his level best to please you in spite of wartime conditions. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

ARROW SHIRTS BUY WAR BONDS
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Sportshirts by Rogue... the shirts that check with a man's idea of what's what. Finest fabrics, styling and tailoring. Shown: Palm Springs, Tie-Vertible, Deserteer, all masterful Rogues.



dow, is charred and empty. There is only the frame of the window and, at the opposite side, a large wrought-iron fireplace decorated with the figures of three German soldiers. The main staircase is in fairly good condition. Where its marble balustrade is chipped, you can see that the marble is no more than an inch-thick veneer on concrete. Hitler's workroom, upstairs, runs the width of the house; its walls have been thoroughly scorched and only the sockets of three windows and a hideous brown *Kachel-ofen* remain. His bedroom, which adjoins the workroom, has also been burned. The Führer's bathroom is in better shape. It has green tiled walls, in the best *Good Housekeeping* tradition.

In the basement, I came upon a narrow, gray-walled shooting gallery, the sort of thing you'd expect to find in an F.B.I. school. There are also numerous pantries and kitchens; the entrances to many tunnels, mostly blocked, into which vast quantities of food were put in the last months before Germany's defeat; a room cluttered with overturned chairs and tables, phonograph records, birth certificates, X-ray plates, and piles of old magazines, including a November 15, 1930, issue of the *Kölnische Illustrierte Zeitung* containing an article violently demanding that outworn treaties be discarded.

The German workmen I have talked with here agree that Hitler left the Berghof last June, after his meeting with the generals, and never returned. "Eva Braun drove off in June, too, with a captain and lots of luggage," one of the men said. Goering hung around the place long after Hitler had gone, prowling through the hills in Alpine shorts and with a hunting gun. During the bombardment of April 25th, he took to his bomb shelter. "He trembled tremendously," this man said. The last gay times at Berchtesgaden came shortly after the conference, when Eva Braun's sister married a colonel general and then five hundred guests went to Hitler's Adlerhorst, or Eagle's Nest, on the Kehlstein and got plastered. In March of this year, after Hitler consulted a stomach specialist in the nearby town of Bischofswiesen, orders were given to install a diet kitchen in the Berghof; this started the rumor that he would soon return. Some people thought they saw his car in Berchtesgaden shortly afterward, but nobody saw the Führer.

During his last weeks at the Berghof, Hitler walked with a slight limp and carried a cane. He occasionally visited

some Gestapo cronies at the nearby Schloss Klesheim, once the castle of one of Franz Josef's brothers. When he did, all roads in the neighborhood were closed off. He also enjoyed short walks down the mountainside to a summer house known as Mooslahner Kopf, adjoining some farm lands he owned. He was invariably preceded and trailed by three or four hundred Gestapo men. Inside the Berghof, Heil Hitlers were forbidden. His housekeeper, a Frau Mid-delstrasse, was instructed to say "*Grüss Gott*" whenever she encountered him. "*Führt euch Gott*," he would reply, sweeping past. Just before his final departure, he told her, "Now that I am going away, you will no longer have to bother with my needs and you can busy yourself with many things about the house."

FOUR o'clock on Sunday afternoon was the Führer's brooding hour. He was driven rapidly up the Kehlstein, past long lines of Gestapo guards, and then took the elevator to the building on its summit, the Adlerhorst, known to everybody on the estate as the Tearoom. While he brooded, as many as a thousand S.S. and Gestapo men surrounded the place.

I went up to the Adlerhorst. I drove along the twisting mountain road (hundreds of Yugoslavs are said to have died building it) until I reached the end, a thousand feet below the summit. At this point, in a broad pocket cut out of the mountain, I faced two bronze doors leading to the elevator which reaches the building itself. An inscription over the doors says "*Erbaut 1938*." The day I was there, the elevator wasn't running and Army engineers were in the shaft removing mines, so I took a foot-path to the peak. It was a brisk fifteen-minute walk, past ice fields and small, snow-covered shrubs. Perched on the top of the mountain and surrounded on all sides by the jagged peaks of other mountains is the Adlerhorst, a hexagonal granite structure from which an L-shaped rear juts out. Both inside and out it reveals Hitler's madness and his exquisite bad taste. Taking Nietzsche's words literally—Superman lives on the mountaintop—the master of Europe went into the clouds. And what did he build? From the outside, the place could be the guardhouse of a state penitentiary. Inside, everything is out of proportion or off key—ceilings too low, windows too small, bronze doors here, wooden doors there, some rooms right out of an ad for Men of Distinction, others designed like a cheap bar-and-grill. Clouds sweep in

through the doorways and windows. The master went so high that for only a few hours a day, and then only when the weather was very good, is there any view at all. The elevator opens on the entrance hall, and beside it is a metal panel with thirteen lights to show the position of the car. On it, too, are the words "*Vorsicht! Aufzug!*" and the information that the capacity of the elevator is 1125 kilograms, or fifteen persons. Twenty-four bronze hat-and-coat hooks hang in the hallway, and opposite them are lavatories large enough to handle a Music Hall crowd. At one end of the hallway is a taproom with a bright-blue table and seats with bright-red leather cushions. In the kitchen are shiny pots and pans, stoves, and a meat block that has never been touched; there isn't a cleaver mark on it.

Off the main hall is a long conference room with an oak table, twenty-six chairs, and blackout curtains, and off that is a huge hexagonal room—the brooding room, the room where Hitler could think his long, lonely, megalomaniac, bloody thoughts. And into this room he crowded forty-six chairs, one more ugly than the next—low-slung chairs covered with sickly blue imitation needle point. On the floor is a machine-made imitation Chinese rug. Before a massive red marble fireplace stands an overstuffed rust-colored sofa that no Kansas farmer would allow in his house. A huge white circular table is in the center of the room. The wall lights are garish gold strips arranged fanwise to simulate tongues of flame.

Furthermore, the Adlerhorst* had mice. In a closet I found a half-empty cardboard box of powder. An absolute guarantee against *Feldmäuse*, the label said.

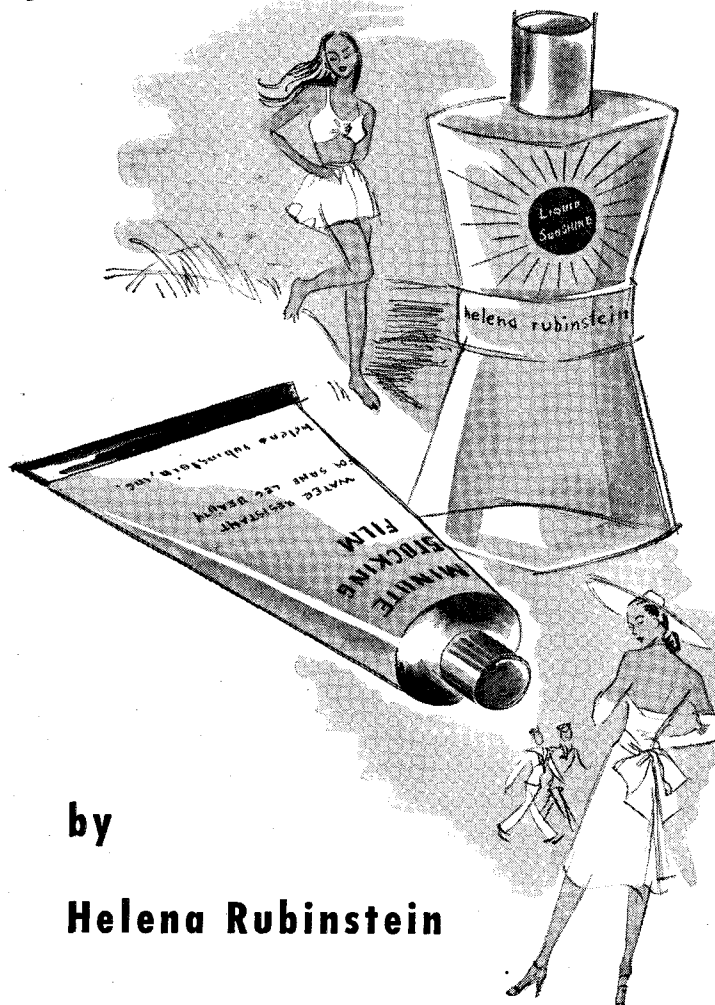
—PHILIP HAMBURGER

NOTES

- ¹Isaiah XV: 5
 - ²Isaiah XVI: 3 and 4
 - ³Isaiah XIX: 25
 - ⁴Jeremiah XLIX: 11
 - ⁵Jeremiah XLIX: 6
 - ⁶Jeremiah XLIX: 39
 - ⁷Jeremiah XLVIII: 31, 36
 - ⁸Isaiah I: 2-4, 10-15, 21-23
 - ⁹Amos III: 2
 - ¹⁰Psalms CXV: 1
 - ¹¹Isaiah X: 5; Jeremiah L: 7, 11, 17, 33; Ezek. XXXVIII
 - ¹²Jeremiah XXV: 9; XXVII: 6; XLIII: 10; Ezek. XXVI: 7
 - ¹³Isaiah LIII: 3-8, 10
 - ¹⁴New York Times, July 31, 1938
- From a pamphlet published by the Union of American Hebrew Congregations.

Hello, there!

Two entrance requirements
for summer finishing school...



by

Helena Rubinstein

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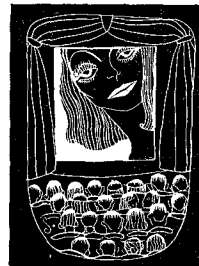
All Around the Town

"THE WAY AHEAD," an English picture, belatedly released over here, tells one of the most familiar stories of this war or any great war fought by a non-military nation—the ever-recurring miracle, that is, of the transformation of a diverse group of civilians, some soft and bewildered, some cynical and lazy, all indignantly conscious of their rights as free citizens, into a competent fighting unit. There is the rather dubious assumption, almost inevitable in British war films and plays, that every man is potentially a soldier, temperamentally fit for military service, but, allowing for this romantic point of view, the result of both a national literary tradition and the propaganda demands of the moment, I think it is an excellent piece of work, far superior, for instance, to such sweet marching songs of our own as "Winged Victory."

The plot, contrived by Eric Ambler, offers very few surprises. Eight men, deferred in the early days of the war, are called up after the catastrophe at Dunkerque. They represent the conventional cross-section of society, ranging from a spoiled public-school boy to a cockney furnace man, and they are all rebellious, fiercely resentful of the indignities and hardships of intensive training. The realization that what they are going through is really designed for their own protection comes slowly and painfully, but by the time they are considered fit to be shipped to Africa, they are ready for anything. This is probably just as well, because their subsequent experiences include every conceivable form of violence. Their transport is torpedoed and, barely seconds before she blows up, they are transferred to a destroyer; once ashore, they are bombed by German planes; shelled by mortars and tanks, and driven at last from the crumbling village that has sheltered them out to an apparently suicidal counterattack in the desert. The basic pattern of the picture is as elementary as that. Its great virtue is that it is written about a group of quite commonplace men who have to endure the dirty, tiresome, and murderous business of war as best they can rather than about the picturesque band of heroes usually dispatched from Hollywood for our patriotic information. It is also admirably acted by a cast of whom only

David Niven is likely to be familiar to American audiences.

"THE BODY SNATCHER" is based on a story by Robert Louis Stevenson, who was in turn inspired by the activities of those men of ferocious memory, Burke and Hare, and their chilly patron, Dr. Knox. For the purposes of the cinema, the Stevenson original has undergone a good many alterations, the most tiresome of which is that the end, once frankly and magnificently supernatural, has been tamely explained away as a hallucination.



In spite of all the tampering, however, the story of the Scotch surgeon who, running out of subjects for dissection, is first obliged to connive at murder and finally to commit one himself is a horror item considerably better than most. The scene in which that wicked sawbones, Henry Daniell, plunges over a cliff in the relentless embrace of the corpse of Boris Karloff is especially recommended to your morbid attention. . . . From the synopsis furnished by my associate, it seems that "Flame of the Barbary Coast" is just another, though slightly superior, version of the one about the suave gambler, the beautiful singer, and the innocent cowboy, played in this instance by Joseph Schildkraut, Ann Dvorak, and John Wayne. It has the usual quota of love, mayhem, and gambling for fancy stakes, and the San Francisco earthquake shows up on schedule, wrecking the city but tidying up the plot. "I can't help thinking it would be much more fun to act in a picture like this than to have to go and look at it," the report concludes, more or less irrelevantly. . . . "Pillow to Post," and again I'm quoting, "presents Ida Lupino in the rather unusual rôle of a saleslady for oil-well supplies who has to produce a husband in order to get a room at an auto court. Finally a young lieutenant obliges, only to find that his commanding officer has the cabin next door. From then on, of course, everything gets terribly mixed up, but I'm afraid I wasn't much more amused than poor Miss Lupino was when she was trying to get a little sleep stretched out across a couple of chairs." . . . "Molly and Me" is about an unemployed actress (Gracie Fields) who takes a job as housekeeper to an irascible old millionaire (Monty

Woolley). Miss Fields, buoyant as ever, sings a rather fetching song about "The Artfulness, the Sinfulness, the Wickedness of Men," and Mr. Woolley, slipping back into the lacy idiom of Sheridan Whiteside, sometimes describes her in such fond phrases as "a gold mine of rather revolting physiological information." On the whole, though, it is a very minor workout for these two gifted romps. . . . "That's the Spirit" is a routine spook item in which Jack Oakie, granted a week's leave of absence by God, comes back to earth to arrange his daughter's theatrical career. A ten-year-old guest of mine was only mildly entertained. . . . A Russian documentary film called "We Accuse" deals with the Kharkov trial and the Nazi atrocities that led up to it. It is irritatingly repetitious, some sequences appearing two or three times, and marred by an unfortunate English commentary, in which the Germans are made to address one another in comic-strip dialect, but the piled and burned and mutilated bodies and the dull, despairing faces of the survivors are unanswerable. The indictment stands.

—W. G.

WHICH NEWSMAGAZINE D'YA READ?

Then, with the breachblock of the deck guns removed and torpedo tubes empty, the U-249 waited. An American Liberator patrol plane spotted the submarine and kept it under observation until two British sloops steamed up to escort it to Portland Harbor.—*Newsweek*.

The first one to slink in was the U-249, which put in at Weymouth Harbor, in southern England, with ten unfired torpedoes aboard.—*Time*.

Comprising about 400,000 well-supplied men and commanded by General Franz Boehme, this force [the German army in Norway] might have exacted a heavy toll from the Allies. However, after much breast beating, the Germans decided to surrender. An Allied mission flew to Norway and secured Boehme's signature on the capitulation agreement at his headquarters in Lillehammer.—*Newsweek*.

Norway, where the Germans could have made it hard, was easy. German officers bearing suitcases full of maps flew to Scotland, spread their deployment secrets before the British and agreed to surrender 300,000 troops.—*Time*.

Outside Dunkerque, Rear Admiral Friis . . . signed over approximately 15,000 men in that port. At the same time, 83,000 more Germans quit at St. Nazaire, Lorient, and La Rochelle.—*Newsweek*.

At the French ports of Dunkirk, Lorient, La Rochelle and St. Nazaire . . . some 75,000 Germans downed arms.

—*Time*.



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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



THIS is the scatterbrained season, when women turn their attention from "basic" black dresses to clothes and incidentals more pertinent to warm weather. We can begin with Bergdorf Goodman's fine, inexpensive lingerie—slips, nightgowns, and pants in white or blue rayon crêpe, sprigged with roses and bluebells and trimmed with tiny, two-toned embroidered scallops. As for other Bergdorf lingerie, a white or rose rayon crêpe bed jacket, called Samba, is made like a Mexican blouse. The neck is gathered on a drawstring, so it can be worn off or on the shoulders, and the jacket is trimmed with narrow bands of ecru flowers. It's \$11.75. Romantic peignoirs in pink or blue rayon challis have Alençon-type lace on the turnover collars and on the cuffs of the long sleeves. Among the dinner-at-home gowns, which range from \$20 to \$25, is one with a V neck, short sleeves, and a tiny tab peplum in back above the full skirt. It's in a peacock- or raspberry-and-white plaid cotton or in a striped rayon taffeta. A more informal cotton one is black with peacock-blue checks or navy with chartreuse or pink checks, and has a squared-off neckline. One of the useful odds and ends here is the Sweater bra, which, despite the name, may be worn with any sort of clothes. It's a lace business with crisscrossed bands of pink ribbon through the middle, only moderately pointed, and more substantial than you'd think. It's \$3.50.

Bendel, too, has noteworthy hand-made lingerie. In rayon sheer sprinkled with tiny field flowers, there are pants and slips, both trimmed with self scallops, and Empire nightgowns; in junior sizes, thirteen to seventeen. There are handmade nightgowns (up to size forty-four, and very bridal-looking) in white rayon crêpe, complete with satin appliqué and nice wide lace; \$19.75 for a lot of luxury. Matching slips are \$14.75, pants are \$11.75. And hand-finished rayon crêpe gowns (also up to size forty-four), slips, and pants, all trimmed with hand embroidery and ecru lace, are on hand, and a lot less expensive.

THE Casual Shop at Jay Thorpe has dresses in Swiss silk (that's right, silk), a smooth material that re-

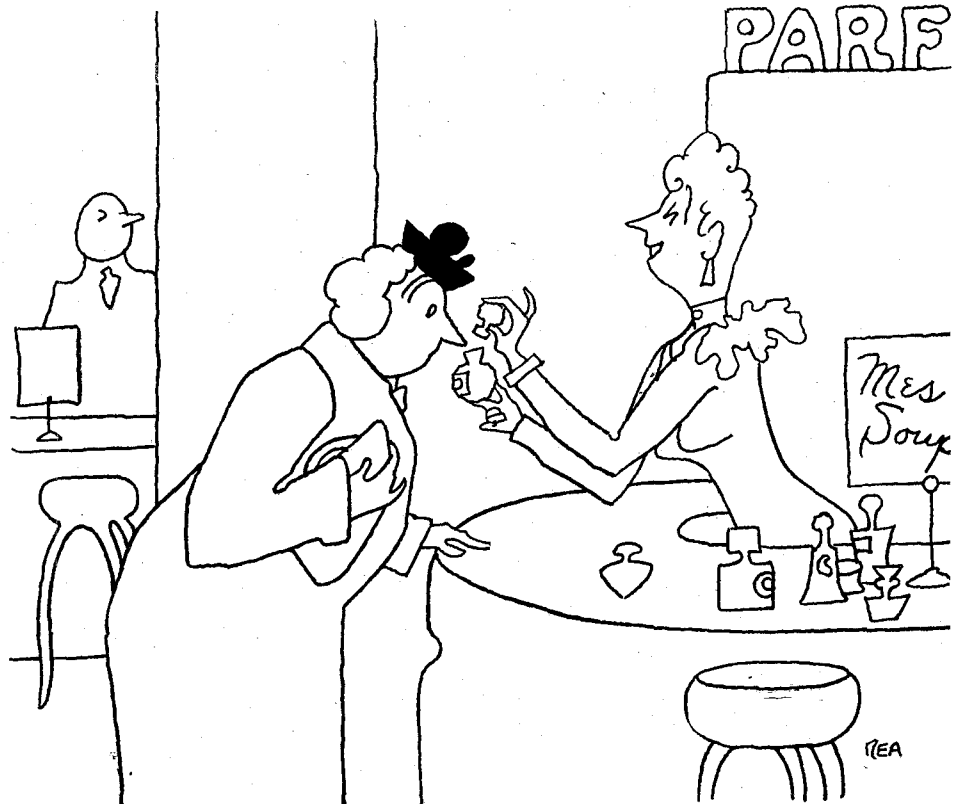
sembles shantung. One tailored number has gold-metal buttons down the front, a turnover collar, cap sleeves, a set-in belt, and stitched-down pleats in the skirt. A more youthful idea has a U neck, a buttoned-down bodice, and buttoned pockets in the dirndl skirt. Both dresses are done in dark or neutral colors, as well as in lime or Shocking, and both are \$39.95. There are also silk shantung dresses here, with necks that can be tied high or worn open in a V. These come in big floral prints on black, or in solid colors—citron, Shocking, pale blue, or black. They're \$69.95. A very fine weekend tailored ensemble in natural-colored tussah has a fitted jacket with either a round or a fairly high V neck, a gored skirt, and matching slacks. The suit is \$85 and the slacks are \$35. The Izod of London silk-and-rayon suits, which have sort of a shantung look, are something, too. You may have your choice of a collarless bolero jacket or a fitted jacket with one button and lapels. These suits are \$29.95 and \$39.95, respectively, in gold, aqua, or rose.

Bernath, 571 Madison Avenue (56th), has excellent linen-and-rayon summer tailored suits at \$55, in black, white, navy, or beige. Their cardigan

jackets have flap pockets and are partially lined; their skirts are gored.

GUNTHER, at 666 Fifth Avenue (53rd), has opened a new department for clothes and accessories on the third floor. I noticed some nice dark summer-in-town rayon sheer dresses—a two-piece job that has a suit-jacket top, with spaghetti bows instead of pockets, and a one-piece dress in which knife-pleated ruffles form the short sleeves. Other one-piece affairs have a peplum, pleated across the front and plain in back, or a pleated jabot. These range from \$39.95 to \$69.95. Tailored dresses of American linen (in about the same price range) are either plain or trimmed with simple white braid embroidery. You can choose between a straight or a diagonal closing.

CHILDREN'S play clothes, good ones, in sizes seven to fourteen, are hard to find these days, as no one need be reminded. De Pinna can astound you with some attractive if rather Côte d'Azur bare-midriff sun suits in flowered or polka-dot cottons. The tops knot high on the diaphragm and have extended shoulders; the shorts are pleated. There are also more conventional navy-



"It's an unassuming little scent we call Evening in Scarsdale."

or red-and-white striped seersucker play suits with turnover collars and separate dirndl skirts. White piqué play suits have a print pattern of French poodles in color and dirndls that reverse the color scheme. These range from \$4.95 to \$6.95. For brats up to three, there are endearing sun suits, in plaid gingham with eyelet trimming or chambray with white braid, that have open-crowned bonnets to match; \$4.95 for the set. Paratwill, used with the shiny side out, makes double-breasted summer raincoats for children (sizes three to fourteen) in gentian blue, peony, American Beauty, and the usual beige; sizes three to six are \$9.95, sizes seven to fourteen are \$12.95. These also have matching hats, which are extra, of course.

MARK CROSS gloves are always just about right. The English chamois-colored doeskin slipons at \$5, which are hand-sewn and have slightly flaring cuffs, are a particularly good example. Short gloves in white or chamois English doeskin have one button at the wrist, and there are four-button-length slipons that have an exceptionally adroit machine whipping; both are \$3.95. The most recent version of the Noah handbag (\$24), which has an oval base and a drawstring top, comes in bright red, black, coffee bean, or navy goatskin and is trimmed with saddle stitching. It's roomy and light, and has a pocket and cosmetic pouch to eliminate groping. There's an adjustable strap, too, for over-the-shoulder addicts. The Cross morocco bags, in red, coffee bean, navy, black, or brown, are very special. First of all, there are ten-inch envelopes with rolled tops, saddle-stitching trimming, and leather lining; \$15.30. Then there are more expensive square, flattish pouches with leather-covered wooden tops, which are much lighter than metal ones, and there are bigger pouches with the retractable handles you see on very modern masculine brief cases. Little folders in dark or bright morocco, with a zipper pocket for cosmetics along one side and a change purse and separate billfold section on the other, are very handy; \$9. Taxes, by the way, are included in all these prices.

SUNLIGHT CORNER: Squinting is unbecoming and causes wrinkles, but any woman who tries to avoid this trouble by getting herself a pair of twenty-five-cent sun glasses has my deepest sympathy. Meyrowitz has a large collection of really good glasses that begin at \$2 and go on up and up. He has frames in all shapes—diabolically up-

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swept, streamlined, oval—either in white or colors. There are glasses to fit any sort of face, from tiny kitten faces to massive, bloodhound ones. The lenses come in several colors; the shop's favorite is Meyrogreen, a medium sage. . . . A lot of women for whom summer means acquiring a tan still cling to the idea that it's nice to be sautéed in oil, but there are an increasing number who prefer a greaseless process. For such females, there are two useful lotions. The Unguentine people, who have so far devoted themselves to healing painful sunburns, have now entered the realm of preventive medicine with a little business called Norwich Sun Tan Lotion. It is a liquid which disappears into the skin, encourages a tan, and also smells very fresh and floral and not a bit medicinal. At drugstores, next to the candy counter. The newest example of the Lenthéric Suntan, the second of these useful lotions, is a white cream with a lovely floral scent. . . . Elisabeth Rae-Lamont's new version of Sheertone, for leg makeup, is in compact form. You apply it with a wet sponge or wet cotton and then buff it into a nice sheen. It's \$1.50 (plus tax) at Franklin Simon.

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WEIL has a new perfume called GriGri, a sultry scent that many will adore (Bonwit Teller). . . . Tu-vaché has some new bath-oil and skin perfumes, among them Lilac and Violet, which should delight people who like floral scents for summer but deplore the fact that most of them haven't depth or character. At Saks and Bonwit. . . . Yardley has a lavender oil that does away with that dry, seaweed look your hair gets in summer and gives it a nice lustre. . . . Frances Denney's Oils of the Wilderness now comes in a five-dollar size. You put this stimulating cream on a clean face at night, leave it on until the skin tingles, then wipe off the surplus, and go to bed. The smell is herbal and tangy and wonderful.

PURE FOOLISHMENT: At Alfred Orlik, up at 680 Fifth Avenue (53rd), there are hand-painted fans, the kind that fold. Either in paper, with dinner-china roses on black or bright backgrounds, or in fabric, with roses or scenery for décor. —L. L.

'Twas another custody case and
resulted in some loose talk.
h etao detaw andanw andona

—*Washington Times-Herald*.

All right, that's enough.

THE GARBAGE PAILS

THE back door of our apartment and 6F's are mere inches apart, although 6F's front door is nowhere near ours. The apartments in our house are laid out that way. Nobody will be surprised to learn that until the affair of the garbage pails, neither my husband, our small son, John, nor I knew anything of our neighbor. We knew that 6F wasn't vacant, because a quart of milk was delivered to the back door every other morning and a garbage pail was put out every evening. We assumed that 6F was a single person, probably a woman.

We really never gave 6F a thought until one morning, several months ago, when Annie, our domestic, came to me and said that the garbage-can cover wouldn't close. It is one of those step-on things, very cheery in bright red. I pushed on the pedal six or eight times before I realized what the trouble was. The inside pail, the one to be set outside nightly, full of garbage, and brought in empty in the morning, was an inch too high for the outer can. For a while I suspected that the pail had grown; then it occurred to me that the garbage man must have put our pail in front of 6F and vice versa. It would have broken tradition to speak to our neighbor and get our pail back, for who could tell what might result from such a step, so what I did was nip out early the next day and switch pails. The matter, I felt, was satisfactorily settled, but the following day Annie took the pail in and again found it too big for our garbage can.

Annie was the one who discovered that it was more than a question of two almost identical galvanized-iron pails, one a bare inch higher than the other. 6F's pail had a huge hole in the bottom. Annie explained that liquid seeped through the paper lining she had put in the pail, through the open bottom of our outer garbage can, and stained our pretty red-linoleum kitchen floor. If it wasn't six of one pail and a half dozen of the other, if the exchange was to 6F's advantage—to the advantage of her linoleum floor, that is—then maybe the switching was due not to the impartial absent-mindedness of the garbage man but to the conscious manipulation of an interested agent—6F.

Our neighbor had at last begun to materialize. I spoke to my husband of the affair. He was amused, but not wholly amused; pretty red linoleum is hard to come by these days. The next morning it was he who reminded me, screaming over the buzz of his electric razor, to be the first one at the pail. I got ours in promptly. "Isn't it proof that 6F has been taking our pail," I asked, "since this morning ours was outside our own door, where it belonged? Doesn't this completely exonerate the garbage man, once and for all?"

My husband said only if we had seen it there and later found it gone. "We," you notice. By now it was a family affair.

Our son John, who is almost four, also began to take an interest. When he made it his personal chore to get our pail in every morning, I felt that 6F didn't have a chance. John gets up earlier than God.

ONE morning several weeks afterward, John, in pajamas, reached out of our back door to get the pail in and found that it was gone. He raced to our bedroom to tell us the news.

"Oh, take hers," my husband said. "Get ours back tomorrow."

John shook his head. There was no other pail out there, he explained. There simply was no pail at all.

"This is too much," my husband said.

He is a New Yorker; a knock-down, drag-out fight with a neighbor isn't in him. He sighed and said he imagined that there still were pails to be had, and suppose I bought one and got this over with. I decided to follow his advice, but not just tamely. I would buy a new pail, all right, but I would tie a ribbon to the handle and present it to

6F. When I called Macy's, however, they said they had no garbage pails at all. Some came in occasionally, the girl told me, but at present there were none.

That day and the next day, Annie had to line our can with a paper sack and then rush it, damp and horrid, out the back door. After three days, she complained. I rang the service-elevator bell and waited until the garbage man came up, and then I said sternly that our garbage pail had been gone



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Or mention bridge. We switch the conversation off the game to what comes after—Liederkrantz with crackers and beer. (And incidentally, does anybody know a better way to end an evening?)

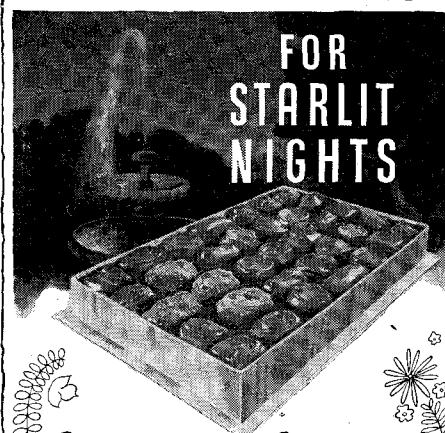
Yes, mention anything at all—taxes, taxis, beefsteaks, women's hats. Then watch us leap to Liederkrantz!

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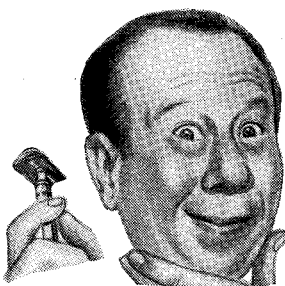


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SCHERK
NEW YORK 3, N. Y.

since Thursday and what was he going to do.

He said he would see about it. Annie used a paper sack three more days, but her complaints grew ominous. Then I had my inspiration. It came before dinner, so we were all in a state of suspense until the deed could be accomplished. We waited until we heard two thumps outside 6F's back door. One light, papery thump was her trash basket; a second, metallic thump was our pail. We gave ourselves a couple of minutes' grace, in case 6F had lingered; then my husband went out, took our pail, emptied the contents into a thick fold of newspaper, and deposited it at her door. All of us went into the kitchen to see our pail, back home again.

The thing about garbage pails is that they traditionally go out nights. Before Annie left, after dinner each evening, she was supposed to take the full pail outside, lift out the lining, and return the pail to the kitchen, but within a week Annie forgot. She left the pail out one night and again we had none.

It was John, the direct younger generation, who settled the affair. He popped out one morning, very early indeed, to retrieve our property, and 6F opened her door and caught him red-handed.

He reported later that she was an old, old lady, but everyone is old to John. He said she said, "What are you doing with my pail, little boy?"

"It's not your pail," he said to her. "It's ours." I can imagine how self-righteously he spoke; children have a terrific sense of property.

"Your pail," he told her succinctly, "has a hole in the bottom." He thumped the sound bottom of our pail at her and 6F gave up.

We still have our own garbage pail. We put it out at night and there it is, smug and empty and completely devoid of drama, in the morning.

—MERRIAM MODELL

514609—John Dwyer vs John Revelt, etc., 1379 West 25th. \$7500; personal injury; folding chair folded. Jos. Feniger, atty.—Cleveland (Ohio) Legal News.

There you are—the old "it can't happen here" skepticism.

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[From "Puzzle for Puppets,"
by Patrick Quentin]

He was, I felt, an ox that could very quickly change into a rampant bull, when roused.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Still More Premières



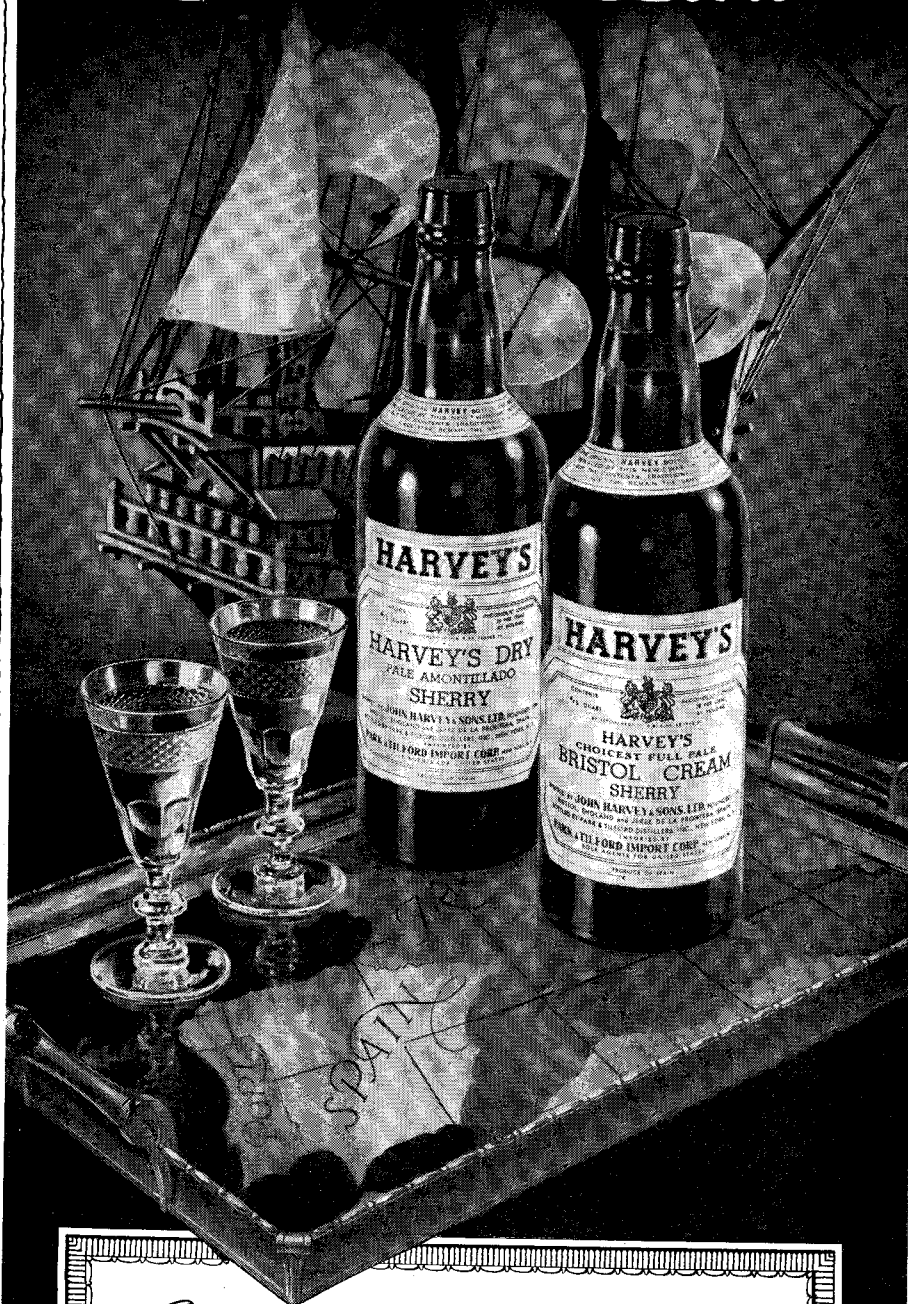
"THE QUIET DON," by Ivan Dzerzhinsky, was given its New York première by the Russian Grand Opera Company last week in Carnegie Hall. Sholokhov's "And Quiet Flows the

Don," the novel on which the opera is based, has had wide circulation hereabouts, but the name of the composer is not so familiar. On the basis of this opera, Dzerzhinsky seems to be a sound craftsman who writes effective, singable, and well-scored music. However, it didn't reveal much about his individuality as a musician. The design of the work follows some of the conventions of earlier Russian opera. Opera of this kind requires a completely integrated handling of stage action and music, and "The Quiet Don" didn't get it in Carnegie Hall. The management of scenery, lighting, and grouping was too tentative to be of great assistance to the total impression. On the other hand, the singing was generally good, and there were especially convincing contributions from Maria Maximovitch, Nadia Ray, and George Doubrowsky. There also was a large and capable orchestra, and the conductor, Michael Fivelsky, displayed understanding command of the score and the performers.

One of the interesting voices heard on the opening night wasn't listed on the program. It emanated from row L in the parquet, and its owner was a soprano who gave an unusually good performance during the customary playing of "The Star-Spangled Banner" before the opera began.

A CONSIDERABLE number of newspaper music critics are writing music as well as words these days. The most recent one to be introduced as a composer was Arthur V. Berger of the *Sun*. He made his début at Town Hall, at the introductory session of a new organization known as the New Chamber Music Concerts, which presented a group of a half dozen musicians in a program consisting chiefly of French music. Mr. Berger was represented by music for three poems from W. B. Yeats' "Words for Music Perhaps." According to the program notes,

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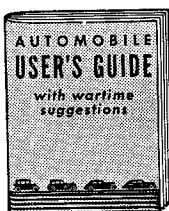
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the poet intended his title to be a challenge to composers. Mr. Berger met the challenge, and met it boldly, with music that is terse, skillful, and modern in tone. The critic-composer was seen as well as heard at this concert; he played the piano accompaniments of his songs for the accomplished tenor soloist Romolo De Spirito. If Mr. Berger had been reviewing his own performance, he would have been justified in giving himself a thoroughly favorable notice. Other new songs on the program included three attractive versions of La Fontaine fables by Marcelle de Manziarly, who also added some adroit pianism to the evening's events. Two songs that sounded as if they might become very popular with concert audiences were Theodore Chanler's "The Doves" and "I Rise When You Enter," both of which have bright verses by Leonard Feeney. Among the instrumental novelties was a sonata for violin and piano by Francis Poulenc. It is a melodious work, but it doesn't have the distinction of many other Poulenc creations.

One of the various excellences of this well-diversified and unhackneyed concert was the consistent expertness of the performances, vocally and instrumentally. The chances are that the New Chamber Music Concerts will become a valuable addition to the city's musical institutions. —ROBERT A. SIMON

PITTING CHERRIES

Bright fruit,
By sleight of hand
Relieved of seeds,
Slips through my fingers
Like a strand
Of beads.

How hot it is!
The sun
Through stained-glass sky
Has sought me out;
None more devout
Than I.

How deft
My left!
My right
From plucking stones
Is puckered,
Acid-shrivelled,
Like a crone's
Grown old at this,
A wrinkled devotee
Telling again
Her ruddy rosary.

—MILDRED WESTON



**"Is this the State of Utopia?"
"Not quite! It's the State of CONNECTICUT!"**

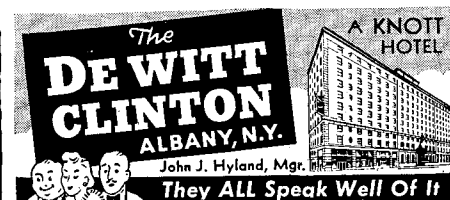
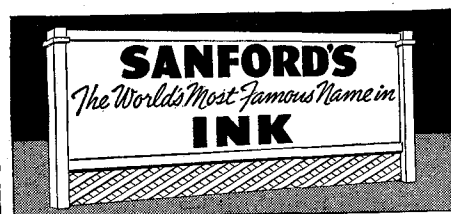
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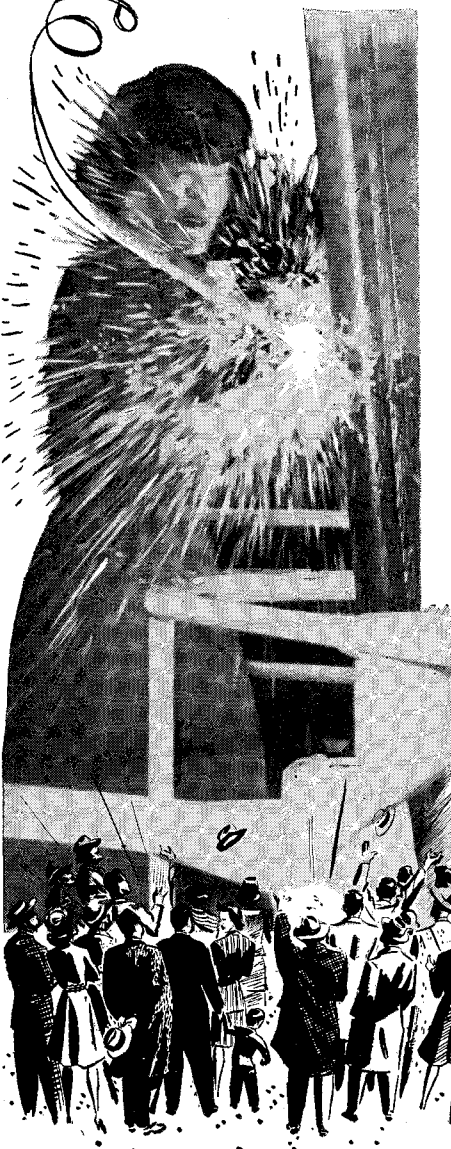
The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRs:

THOUGH I am not a reader of your magazine, a friend of mine who knows I am interested in everything that pertains to the "Emerald Isle" has been good enough to send me a clipping of an article published in your issue of May 26th, in which, under the unusual title of "Our Own Baedeker" (which I take to be some sort of reference to the guidebooks of that name), you affirm that in the past thirty years only three people have kissed the Blarney Stone. This is a monstrous misstatement of fact, and it is a great wonder and pity that it should ever have been printed at all. A little inquiry in the proper quarters would have set you right. When I was last in Ireland, in 1939, I kissed the Blarney Stone, my wife, who was pregnant at the time, kissed the Blarney Stone, and my brother, who has a weak heart and a fear of high places, also kissed the Blarney Stone. Furthermore, Mr. T. Costello, an old friend and an authority on such matters, assures me that he has kissed the Blarney Stone at least once in the last thirty years and that six friends kissed it with him—not at the same time, to be sure, but one after the other.

The Stone is located in the battlements of the tower of Blarney Castle and is the devil itself to get at. You must bend backward through an aperture in the battlements, with someone (a fat attendant is stationed there for the purpose) sitting across your bent legs to keep you from falling onto a wicked-looking pile of rocks about a hundred feet below. You grab a couple of iron bars at either side of the aperture, bend your head back as far as possible in order to reach the Stone, which is set in the outer wall of the battlements, kiss the Stone, and are pulled to safety. The Stone itself looks very little different from any of the other stones of which the tower of the castle is composed, but there can be no doubt as to the fact that the Stone has a special quality and that the kissing of it imparts to the kisser a gift of eloquence; else why should so many hundreds—indeed, I venture to say, thousands—of people risk their lives and limbs to complete the act, much less pay the cost of admittance to the castle grounds?

Risky as kissing the Blarney Stone appears to be, I have no personal knowl-

BECAUSE THE JOURNAL SMASHED A PRECEDENT ...THE MARINE EDITOR SMASHED CHAMPAGNE!



The Oregon Journal boasts the only marine editor in the United States who ever launched a ship . . . because The Journal's marine editor is a "she"! That launching was the climax to the story of how The Journal met and walloped a wartime problem by combining editorial imagination with old-fashioned gumption!

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In this teeming port, Russian women were "manning," even skippering, lend-lease ships . . . American women were making history, *building* ships, and only women were *launching* them! So Journal editors smashed a precedent, and put a woman on the marine beat.

Tiny, vivacious Marine Editor Louise Aaron has more than vindicated The Journal's selection. She has given the people of Portland consistently thorough coverage of a complex wartime port.

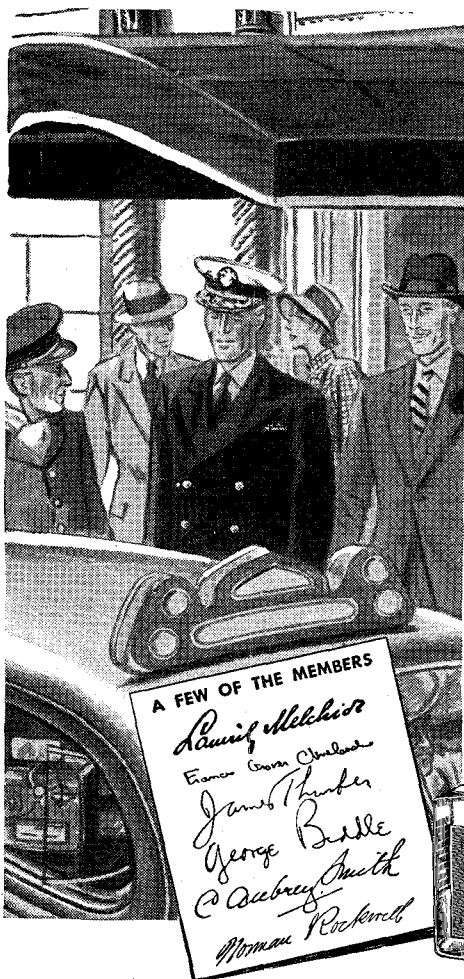
Her beat has taken her over the city's waterfront on foot and by automobile, aloft in giant whirley cranes; and over 320 miles of the Columbia River, from the Umatilla Rapids on the east to the Pacific Ocean at Astoria, Oregon. Wherever Portland's marine news is . . . Louise is.

PEOPLE MAKE A NEWSPAPER!

It took a war to prove a woman could be a marine editor. But, Portlanders have always known that come petticoats or trousers, The Journal gets the news . . . first! The creative enterprise of the entire Journal staff from publisher to pressman has made The Journal Portland's preferred newspaper. . . . These loyal people with ideas, with vision, with ambition and ability are keeping it so! Little wonder that The Journal sets the pace in Portland!



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Avoid waste. Bracing as a frosty morning, just a little Aqua Velva leaves your face refreshed after shaving—with a clean, pleasant scent. So use it carefully. That way, you can enjoy it more regularly.

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THE MAN WHO CARES SAYS: CARSTAIRS

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edge of any fatal accidents having taken place. Still, careless or overweight tourists may well have fallen to their deaths there, and, to give your magazine the benefit of the doubt, I wonder if what you meant to say was not that only three people had kissed the Blarney Stone in the past thirty years but that only three people had missed it? I have a cousin in the magazine "game," as he calls it, and I know how likely misprints are to creep into the text of hurriedly thrown-together articles.

Yours,

MICHAEL GATES

New York City, N. Y.,
May 29, 1945.

[The word "kissed" was not a misprint and the article was not hurriedly thrown together—at any rate, no more hurriedly than any other article. What we might have said was that the custodian of the castle declares he has seen only three people actually kiss the Stone. Though he has seen hundreds of people lowered through the aperture, most of them, finding the Stone out of reach or losing their nerve, have pecked at the nearest hard surface, and, on being restored to a normal position, have falsely claimed to have completed the act. We don't for a moment suppose that Mr. Gates, his wife, or his brother failed to kiss the Stone. In all likelihood they are the people the custodian has in mind. We have our doubts about Mr. Costello and his six friends.

—THE EDITORS]

Simoon. Henri René Lenormand (French). Drama. 3 Acts. 1920. Reveals the perturbations of a father who is subconsciously in love with his daughter yet unaware of what really troubles him: This incestuous state prompts the father to refuse to give permission for his daughter, Clotilde, to marry a young Arab. The refusal incites the Arab to retaliate by seizing French messengers sent to the coast in a simoon. Clotilde is slain by her father's mistress, and he is relieved, since he will be free from the torment of his evil love.—From "Theatre Handbook," edited by Bernard Sobel.

Those messengers must have been surprised.

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[From Mary Haworth's column in the
Washington Post]

Reading your letter, I can actually feel the girl shriveling up, the sails of her hope, confidence and roseate ardor ripped to shreds, as she receives the injection of your nervous Bourbon viewpoint.

LETTER FROM LONDON

JUNE 3 (BY CABLE)

IT is now nearly a month since the surrender of Germany, but except for the happy knowledge that many of the menfolk will soon be home for good and that from now on people can use their Anderson shelters for tool-sheds, it still doesn't feel much like peace here. The worrying began almost before the V-E Day flags were down. The French troubles in the Levant, coming on top of the Polish and Trieste problems, have convinced some Britons that even if peace on this side of the earth is official, good will among men is still some distance away. (The *Times* reported a debate in the House of Lords last week on the awful possibilities of really scientific warfare—troglodytic alchemists dealing out deaths to millions of people—under the grim headline "Weapons in the Next War.") After hearing Mr. Eden's statement to the Commons on the Levant situation, the member for Cambridge University spoke of England's profound affection for France and the French people and then added candidly that, of course, "we all knew with V-1 and V-2 we could not sleep in our beds ever again if France were not on our side." This sort of profound affection, compounded of one part cordiality, one part caution, and two parts sheer fright, seems to be flourishing today.

For tired Londoners who had twenty-four hours of perfect, rosy happiness in which nobody bothered to look beyond the beautiful fact that the bombs had stopped falling, such post-V-E Day reading has not been cheering. You frequently hear the remark that it would have been different if Roosevelt had lived. However, one of the few bright omens of the last month has been the growing confidence here in the ability of the new occupant of the White House to measure up to the big international problems ahead of him. Possibly the only thing that would raise the spirits of those who had found encouragement in the conference in Yalta would be the announcement of a new meeting between Truman, Churchill, and Stalin—this time, ideally, in London. The papers have been suggesting that a meeting be held here, but they haven't sounded very hopeful about it. Good will toward Russia in this country is as strong as ever; only immense maladroitness or indifference on the part of

the Soviet Union could weaken it. Nevertheless, a lot of people would be heartened if Stalin would make such a reciprocal gesture as agreeing to attend a conference in London. On the whole, these first weeks of peace have been memorable for a lack of friendliness between friends and for an abundance of proofs that almost six years of suffering have changed neither human nor

national nature. Thirty-nine years ago, William James, discussing the San Francisco earthquake, wrote, "At San Francisco the need will continue to be awful and there will doubtless be a crop of nervous wrecks before the weeks and months are over, but meanwhile the commonest men,

simply because they are men, will go on singly and collectively showing this admirable fortitude of temper." It was a wise comment, and in all the talk, hopeful and pessimistic, about today's situation in San Francisco, no one has made a better one.

HOW this confused international background will affect the coming elections in England is naturally a matter of opinion. There are those who believe that Anglo-Soviet relations would perk up under a left-wing government and that the electorate will bear this in mind when it goes to the polls. There are those who feel that in future foreign dealings Churchill's experienced statesmanship will more than compensate for his Tory blue blood and that anyway Russian observers do not distinguish between British Conservative and British Labour members. There are those who think that Churchill will gain now by going to the country with the memory of the German defeat fresh in everyone's mind, and those who think that the recently reduced food rations and the Government's uncertainty on housing and other domestic issues may have weakened his position a bit. The ordinary voter probably would have preferred to see the Coalition continue to the end of the Japanese war, but there is no doubt that Parliament was in need of a refreshing *piqure*. It has been sitting for nine and a half years and is thus within nodding distance of England's longest Parliaments, the Parliament of 1572-1584, the Long Parliament of 1640-1653, and the Pensionary Parliament of 1661-1679.

Some of the procedure governing this



"GIVE IT A DASH"

If you overhear a brawny fire chief order his men to "give it a dash"—don't raise your eyebrows. He's only using a cryptic phrase to describe one of the many functions of the seemingly-simple controlling nozzle, that protrudes so aggressively from the end of the hose.

In firemen-ese, to "give it a dash" is merely to permit a small volume of water to strike a blaze, and then to shut it down immediately to examine the extent of the fire. A neat trick, if you can do it; and that's where the versatile controlling nozzle really shines. For in the hands of an experienced pipeman this fascinating gadget applies just the amount of water needed to subdue the most fractious flames.

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MOTHPROOFS FOR
A WHOLE YEAR..

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general election also goes back to such distant times. The 1696 ruling that an infant or anyone under twenty-one years of age cannot be a candidate is still in effect. Infants, unpardoned felons, and peers still may not vote. On the other hand, "a deaf, dumb, dullish, or infirm person," a drunkard, or a lunatic may vote if he can convince the presiding officer at the polling station that he understands what it is all about. It is possible that even the unfuddled portion of the electorate may have trouble deciding what it is all about in the little time between now and Election Day, July 5th. The other day a group of factory girls startled an inquirer by declaring that they were all going to vote Socialist, "because we don't want to lose Mr. Anthony Eden." Such evidences of confused political thinking may be cleared up by polling day, but a little pre-election scouting reveals a surprising amount of apathy among the voters. The Labour Party is said to be counting on a heavy service vote, and observers returning from the fighting fronts think that the majority of young service men and women, unless they decide not to vote at all, probably will swing that way. At the moment, the election doesn't look like a walkover for anybody. If the general feeling of the country counted for anything, this would seem to be a good time for the Liberal Party, whose trump card of course is Sir William Beveridge, to make a comeback. All that anyone feels like predicting with any certainty is that the task of whatever government England gets a couple of months hence will not be enviable, and that the defeated parties can settle back comfortably to wait for the inevitable clamor of public criticism, which next time may turn out to be their cue. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

Scores of your neighbors and friends are praising Retonga. Accept no substitute. Retonga is a purely herbal gastric tonic, combined with liberal quantities of Vitamin B-1 deficiency, loss of appetite, insufficient flow of vital digestive juices in the stomach and constipation.—*Adv. in the Atlanta Journal.*

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ANSWERS TO HARD QUESTIONS

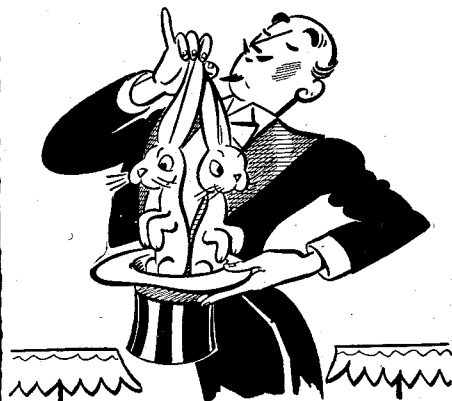
My birthdate is October 3, 1896, 1:00 A.M., 44 N. Lat., 88 W. Long. What have I to look forward to? Divorce, desertion, death?

A. LIBRAN.

—From a letter in *American Astrology*.

Death.

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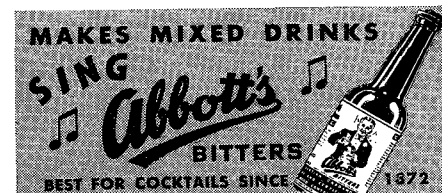


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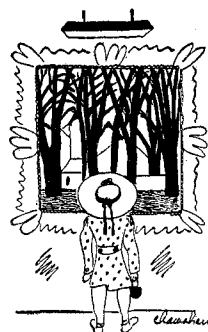


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THE ART GALLERIES

Ancient and Modern



THE two main questions that confront us this week have to do with museum planning and small-house design—the first in relation to the newly reopened Greek Wing at the Metropolitan, and the second in relation to the exhibition of scale models of medium-cost country houses at the Modern Museum. I can't lay claim to authority in either field; I'm just a layman. But on the other hand, laymen do live in houses and frequently go to museums, and it is possible that they have as much right as the experts to be heard about the places they are going to do their sleeping, their eating, and their culture-getting in. In the case of the Metropolitan, it seems to me that, given the existing facilities—in other words, the major part of the Museum's south wing—and what is available for exhibition, the management has done about as well as could be expected.

Admittedly, the wing, with its long, narrow central corridor and the row of four rooms flanking it on either side, is ponderous. Admittedly, too, the Greek collection at the Museum is scattered and heterogeneous. There are no really "big" pieces to build a display around, like the Elgin Marbles at the British Museum or the "Victory of Samothrace" at the Louvre, and it is notable more for its historical range than for any particular excellence of items. What the Museum people did, and quite wisely, was to arrange the collection chronologically, and the result, if one follows the sequence of rooms (it's carefully posted on the walls), is both extremely impressive and illuminating.

Most of all, what one gets from it is a renewed impression of the vastness and majesty of Greek culture. The first room is given over to the Minoan and later eras, dating back as far as 3000 B.C., and though the majority of the works from this time are purely utilitarian—jars and vases, cooking pots, and so on—one can see the Greek feeling for form and delicacy of ornament already beginning to assert itself, and there is a caseful of engraved coins and of seals, carved mainly in semiprecious stones, and dating from around 1100

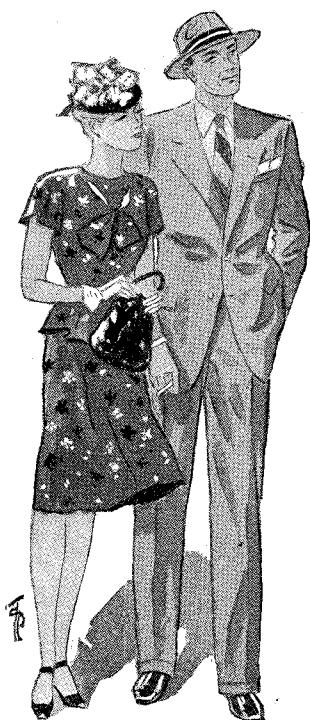
Won at last in Europe, total Victory must now be secured in the Pacific. To give new strength to the fighting men already there and the millions who will join them...to insure the future of America...and to put the knowledge of inescapable defeat into the heart of Japan...let them *know* that we have only just *begun* to fight an all-out war against a single enemy: Serve, Work, Save, Buy Extra War Bonds!

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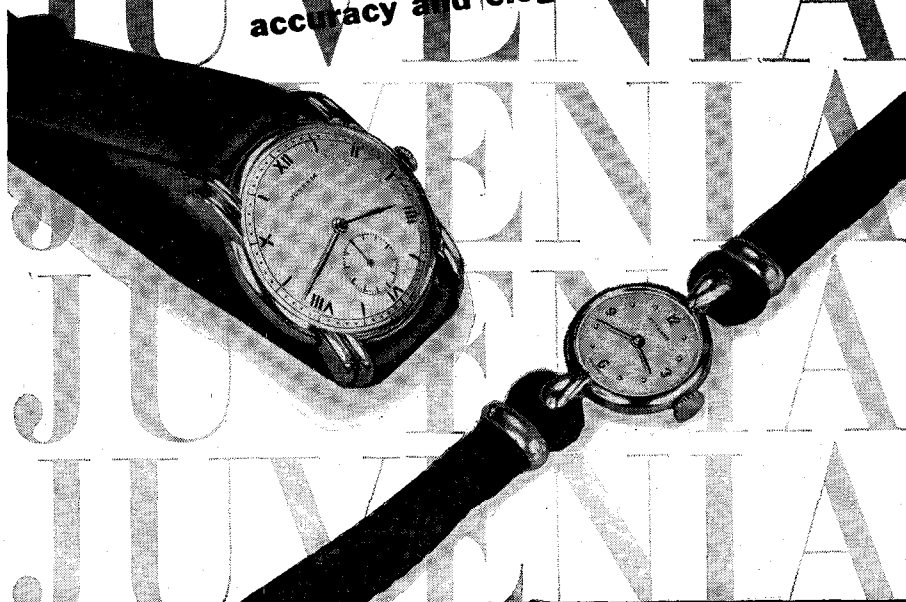
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B.C., that are marvels of lapidarian perfection. The remaining seven rooms continue the process, and it would be tedious for me to describe it in detail. It is not till you come to the sixth and seventh rooms that you reach what is commonly called the "golden age" of Greek sculpture, and here the paucity of striking pieces in the Museum collection becomes evident. There is a "Venus Genetrix" from about 400 B.C., a standing figure in marble, very delicate in modelling and with exquisite draperies, but beyond that there is little to suggest the great impetus art received in the administration of Pericles, and in that sense the effect of the showing is unclimactic and vague.

But if the exhibit ends indeterminate-ly, it has advantages in other directions. The Periclean period is the most famous in Greek art. It is the one, too, that had the widest influence, through the later Hellenistic and Roman cultures on down to the present day. But it is wrong to assume, as some do, that it contains all that is best in Greek art; in point of fact; the seeds of Greek decline were apparent even then, and despite the technical perfection of the pieces of the great years, there is a softness in the modelling and an inclination toward overembellishment that contrast unfavorably at times with the virility and directness of the earlier periods. The show's strict emphasis on chronology brings these earlier styles into sharper focus than customary; it reveals not only how rich Greek sculpture was in its flowering but also how deep its roots went in time, and by so doing makes the process of development a good deal more understandable.

MODERN architects, because of the pressure of their profession, I suppose, are mostly city dwellers, and this leads them, when they get started on country-house design, into two important errors, both of which appear in the dozen or more designs, otherwise excellent, in the Modern Museum exhibition. The first mistake is the belief that everybody who lives in the country is a sun worshipper, although what every country dweller really wants—around the house, at least—is shade. The second is a tenacious conviction that you can get along perfectly well in the country without a cellar. The first merely leads to a tendency, now almost universal, to make one façade of the house, usually the southern one, of window glass. Such big windows are handsome, both inside and out, and I'd have no objection to them if they were prop-

erly sheltered from glare. They never are, however, except possibly when Frank Lloyd Wright has a hand in them, and so I never see a design of this sort without imagining the inhabitants of such a house slowly baking to a crisp inside it, in full view of the outer world.

The other error is more fundamental, or perhaps it would be better to say that the cellar is fundamental and all the devices that have been dreamed up to get around it—workrooms, storage rooms, furnace rooms above ground, and so on—are merely makeshifts. To be sure, you can air-condition the workroom; you can fit out the storage room with a refrigeration system. But the cellar still has the advantage—the great one, to any person who knows about rural electric-power lines—that it takes more than a summer thunderstorm to put it out of commission. It is naturally cool, and it is a rational part of a really complete house in more ways than that—in, for instance, its rummagy quality, in its capacity to absorb odds and ends and still have room to spare, and most of all in its cool, moist, noise-muffling half-darkness, so beneficent for plant and vegetable storage and so soothing to the putterer who wants to make a shelf or mend a bicycle.

I don't know what the modern architects have against cellars. They don't cost much to dig, in most locations, and there is no maintenance on them; moreover, the earth dug provides fill, and it's rare that some fill isn't needed when a house is in construction. But whatever their grievance is, the architects had better get over it if they want my trade.

The exhibition is very handsomely presented, the models shown, each on a scale of an inch to the foot, being little miracles of detailed fidelity, and though there is not much variation in fundamental designs—the box-shape and flat-roof-with-overhang types predominate—there are enough differences in the application to provide interest.

—ROBERT M. COATES

Dear Marie Rose:

When I went home on furlough, I found my wife had been running around with another man. I could take that because I haven't been friendly with her since I was drafted. But when I got back to camp I found the Wac I liked had been dating my first sergeant. Naturally, I went to see my girl in Columbus for consolation, and believe it or not, she was out with another man. I've lost all faith in women. PERPLEXED.—*Atlanta Journal*.

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BOOKS

A Portrait of Alexander Woollcott



IF you come to the biography of Alexander Woollcott, "A. Woollcott: His Life and His World," by Samuel Hopkins Adams (Reynal & Hitchcock), from, say, George Santayana's memoirs, you may be let down and even disgusted. There is so much in Santayana's head and there was so little, by comparison, in Woollcott's. Woollcott said once that he was "a great writer with nothing to say," but he was hardly even a first-rate writer; and his enthusiasm, his prejudices, and his jokes are likely to seem rather empty and cheap when detached from their journalistic background and isolated for special attention. Yet it is stimulating, unexpectedly stimulating, to read about Woollcott's career for anyone who has had any experience of the journalistic world in New York during the period in which he flourished. That period was a relatively exciting one; it differed sharply from the period just before it, and it seems already to have given way to a new era which in a different way is also quite unlike it. Mr. Adams points out that it was only after the war that names among the writers of regular departments in the newspapers and magazines became really important to the public, and he attributes this to the influence of the Algonquin group. He may exaggerate this latter a little, but certainly there occurred at this time a great outburst of self-assertion, after the timidity and anonymity of so much of the journalism of decades in which it may perhaps be said that Godkin stands out as the only conspicuous name. The journalists of the new era were not afraid to express themselves, and they soon lost any inhibitions about exploiting their personalities.

Today you still have the names, though they are rarely the same names, but the product is standardized. A column is not a *feuilleton* of criticism—with the exception of Virgil Thomson, not one first-rate critical journalist has appeared since Woollcott's time—nor is a column even a first-rate performance on the part of an accomplished "trained seal," as such writers used to be called. With the exception of Westbrook Pegler, one cannot think of a single current columnist who has the talent to put on a good show. Such a feature at the present time is simply a length of chatter or, better, simply a length of type as streamlined and insipid as a broadcast, and with the same dispiriting flatness of tone. And the result of this state of things is that Woollcott comes to look like a genius; he is becoming a hero, a myth. One would never, while Woollcott was alive, have looked forward to reading his letters or a full-length biography of him; one would hardly have imagined, even, that such books would one day be published, any more than one would have expected that Hollywood would one day devote itself to glorify-

ing the theatrical careers of Florenz Ziegfeld and George M. Cohan. But both phenomena have now been seen, and for precisely the same reasons. The new period of economic depression and war has fostered nothing but a dependence on formulae: people are too poor, too fearful, too much played upon by pressure groups or too completely committed to the causes, the services, or the government projects in which they have had to enlist to have been able to think themselves personalities or to have been free to make their careers; but they like to imagine great figures who have been drunk with their own identities and done things for fun or love.

Mr. Adams' biography of Woollcott is not precisely a brilliant job. It is not in the least well written and it does not do much, as they say, to recapture the atmosphere of the period. Mr. Adams was too old to be a part of the period—he belonged to an earlier era—but this has, in some ways, its advantages: it gives him a sober detachment. He succeeds in seeing around his subject, without either allowing himself to be irritated by Woollcott's unpleasant traits



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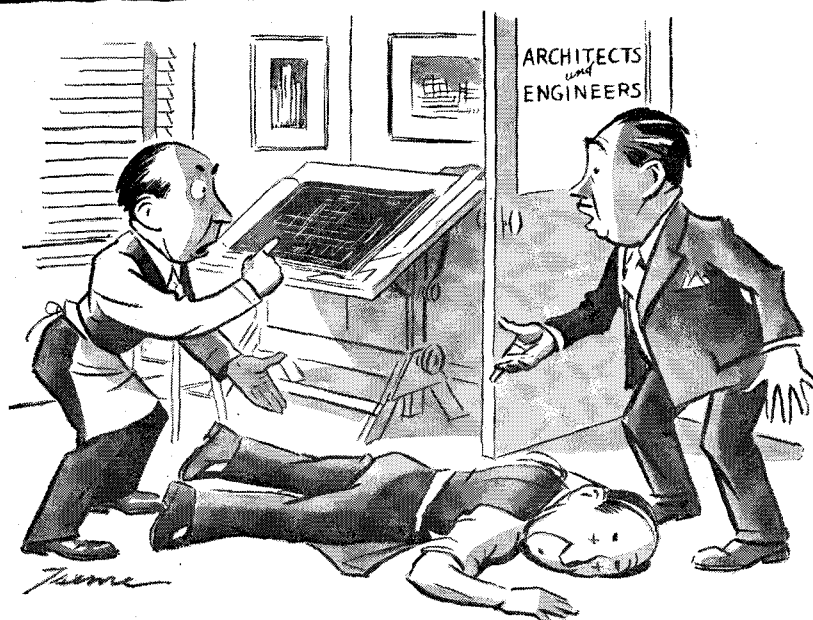
FOR MEN

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or catching his contagious sentimentality. The book is written in good spirit, yet not in the spirit of a Woolcott fan. Mr. Adams is not subtle or imaginative in analyzing the contradictions of Woolcott's personality, but he shows a great deal of good sense and presents some little-known but relevant facts: the rather unsound mentality and the misadventures of the elder Woolcotts, and the physical effects on Woolcott of a case of mumps in his early manhood. And as a fellow-alumnus of Hamilton, he is in a position to have special lights on Woolcott's college years.

The quality of Woolcott's that comes through least well in Mr. Adams' presentation of him is a certain crisp clearness he had that partly redeemed his self-indulgence in the maudlin. The writing of Mr. Adams himself is rather blurry and clumsy, and he does not appreciate the force of his subject's exasperated insistence on accurate English usage. It is not true, as he seems to imply, that Woolcott was wrong in protesting, in a letter to Ira Gershwin, against the use of "disinterested" in the sense of "uninterested." Nor is Woolcott's campaign against common but illiterate usages really weakened, as Mr. Adams would have us believe, by the fact that, like everyone else, he sometimes mispronounced and misquoted. "You have destroyed my inner structure," wrote Woolcott to the *Reader's Digest*. "I have raised the semicolon to its zenith." There is a perceptible accent of derision in Mr. Adams' report of such incidents, which comes ill from so careless a writer and betrays a complete lack of awareness of the fact that semicolons and sentence structure are a very serious matter.

But the book is most entertaining to read: full of the subject's sharp bon mots, waspish letters, and ridicule of heroic exploits, and full of good stories about him. Perhaps the most extraordinary of these stories is that of the elaborate April-fool hoax which somebody played upon Woolcott at the time of his great radio popularity. One day he received a letter which played upon his sense of brave pathos in an irresistible way. It purported to come from an old lady, an impoverished captain's daughter from upstate, who took care of her invalid sister and supported herself by her sewing machine. They lived only for Woolcott's broadcasts, and they begged him to read the Twenty-third Psalm. He complied and got another letter. The joke was carried to astonishing lengths. Woolcott went to much effort and expense to find out where the sisters



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lived. They had given no exact address, so he could not make them the object of a benefaction; and a whole novel in letters was concocted involving the death of both sisters and ending with a deathbed scene, supposed to be reported by an Irish nurse. It may be thought that Woollcott's sentimentality had let him in for being scored off in a disastrous way; yet it was, after all, perhaps Woollcott, in a sense, who had the advantage in this extravagant episode. The truth was that Woollcott had led somebody to go to a great deal of trouble to supply him with his own ideal. The incident proves his power, for it is the test of the imaginative writer that he can make other people act out his fictions. —EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED FICTION

THAT GIRL FROM MEMPHIS, by Wilbur Daniel Steele (Doubleday, Doran). One of the many troubles with recent fiction is the apparently total lack of a sense of form. Mr. Steele's latest novel, which is undistinguished in any other way, offers an almost perfect example of this defect. The narrative begins in the eighteenthies by chronicling the growing pains of a guileless young Kansan who sets out to make his fortune in an Arizona mining town. There he falls in love with a beautiful prostitute, kills the lady's rich beau, and becomes a fugitive from justice. In no time at all, a legend is built up around his lawless career. That would be plenty of novel for a less prodigal writer, but Mr. Steele, perhaps not unmindful of the publishers' current taste for inflated fiction, has scarcely begun. The author sees his hero through a Methodist divinity school and brings him back to Arizona, where he does a bit of soul saving. Then he becomes a miner and a labor agitator, throws a bomb at some mine owners, and spends twenty-seven years in prison. When he gets out, he bums around the country a while and then goes back to the prostitute. But look here, hasn't everybody had enough of this without seeing these preposterous people to the bitter end?

THE TABLES OF THE LAW, by Thomas Mann, translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter (Knopf). The story of the young manhood of Moses, the exodus from Egypt, and some sharp bargaining between the Lord and His chosen servant at Sinai. When

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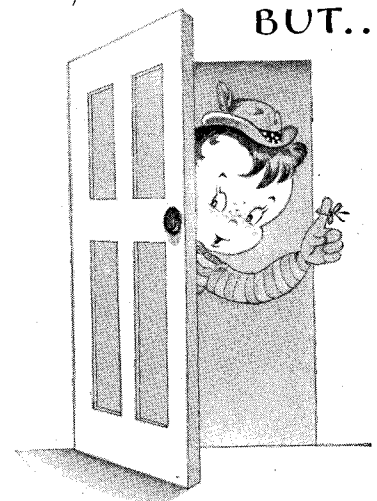
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*Send Dad a Card
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EST. 1906
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

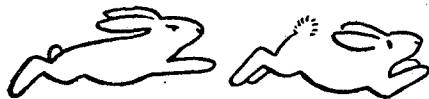
this short novel appeared a while back in "The Ten Commandments" (a collection of stories, by several writers, dealing with the evils of Nazism), this department could see no great subtlety in the present-day implications Herr Mann finds in the story of Moses. Though it has now been more expertly translated and beautifully got up in a volume by itself, this still seems a not so worthy effort of a great novelist.

HALF A HUNDRED: TALES BY GREAT AMERICAN WRITERS, edited by Charles Grayson (Blakiston). Mr. Grayson has departed from the time-honored anthology pattern of choosing material from other anthologies by presenting a collection of little-known tales of well-known writers. This is an intelligent and welcome procedure and it has produced a volume of unfamiliar and lively reading. The fact suggests itself, however, that the better-known stories of these fifty writers are better known because they are better stories. There is also the question of whether all these authors deserve that "Great" in Mr. Grayson's title.

GENERAL

FATE AND FREEDOM, by Jerome Frank (Simon & Schuster). Mr. Frank, jumping right into the midst of the ideological free-for-all, takes on every one of the historical determinists (those who hold that history is determined by certain obscure but inexorable forces) and invites them to come out and fight—even men like Marx and Spengler, who naturally can't accept the invitation. Rejecting the whole determinist argument, and holding that man is as much the master of history as history is the master of man, Mr. Frank, who has a fine talent for polemics, defends his position with wit, imagination, and considerable good sense. He is not going to convince anyone who belongs to one of the determinist schools, and his book is certain to give orthodox Marxists a bad case of fits, but less opinionated readers (if they don't mind some heavy going now and then) should find it rather profitable, and encouraging, too.

WOODROW WILSON AND THE PEOPLE, by H. C. F. Bell (Doubleday,



Very Encouraging!



Blackie: "The news is encouraging, Whitey—but I'm waiting for a definite sign that normal times are returning."

Whitey: "You'll have that when there's a more plentiful supply of all good things."

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Doran). A careful, sympathetic biography of Wilson, with special reference to the many startling similarities between his time and our own. Mr. Bell, following what is beginning to look like a trend, also emphasizes what is now being called Wilson's "human warmth" (as opposed to what used to be called his "human coldness"), but the value of his book, particularly for those readers who are just finding out what happened immediately following the first World War, lies in the way he has organized his material into an ably written, constantly interesting narrative.

SEVEN PLAYS, by Maxim Gorky, translated by Alexander Bakshy, in collaboration with Paul S. Nathan (Yale). The text of "The Lower Depths," Gorky's most famous play, along with those of six more not so well known—"Barbarians," "Enemies," "Queer People," "Vassa Zheleznova," "The Zykova," and "Yegor Bulychov and the Others." Mr. Bakshy also contributes a short essay on the Russian theatre in Gorky's time.

ON A NOTE OF TRIUMPH, by Norman Corwin (Simon & Schuster). Putting most radio scripts into book form is a waste of ink, glue, and paper, but this one, written by Mr. Corwin to celebrate V-E Day, doesn't have to apologize for being in type. The author claims that it is not a poem, but that is what it is—a sort of poem, anyway. Although it's not one of the high-water marks in American literature, it is certainly on a par, as poetry, with some of the incantations composed for the radio by Archibald MacLeish.

CITY DEVELOPMENT, by Lewis Mumford (Harcourt, Brace). A sheaf of essays, written between 1922 and 1945, having to do with various phases of urbanism. Mr. Mumford, whose leadership in city planning has been recognized from Buenos Aires to Moscow, gives his attention to the metropolitan milieu, the city, mass production and housing, and the social aspects of postwar building. He writes rather lushly at times, but he is much more acute in these short pieces, which add up to a philosophical consideration of modern society, than he was in his recent and more ambitious "The Condition of Man."

NOTE: "All in Line," a volume of one hundred and twenty pages of drawings by Saul Steinberg (Lieut. s.g.,

U.S.N.R.), has been published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce. The majority of the pictures are from *The New Yorker* and almost everything Lieutenant Steinberg has drawn for this magazine is reprinted, including his sketches of American Army life in China, India, North Africa, and Italy.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

LAY THAT PISTOL DOWN, by Richard Powell (Simon & Schuster). Arab Blake, the young amateur detective with a rather excessive fondness for firearms, buys an eighteenth-century English coach pistol some dubious characters in and around Washington have their eye on. Arab's husband, Andy, who dislikes guns, gets dragged into the resultant trouble, most of it of the senseless but very active variety that appeals so much to the Blakes' admirers. Not as funny as the author's recent "All Over but the Shooting."

PROOF OF THE PUDDING, by Phoebe Atwood Taylor (Norton). More of those homespun doings down on Cape Cod, where Asey Mayo, helping to tidy up after last year's hurricane, finds the body of a local heiress among the debris. The clues, which are numerous, seem to incriminate almost everybody in town, but Asey, in his leisurely way, sorts them out and provides a plausible enough solution. Fine for Mayo fans and those who like lots of church-supper atmosphere.

TABULATION ribbon... left on Country Club car; good only on tabulator: answers to name of Otto. V.A. machine; reward. HA. 1453.—Adv. in the *Kansas City Times*.

Has it got one black ear?

He stood holding her hand, his cheek pressing her hair. In the silence, while they stood together, while he waited, he felt something begin to beat in his breast, faintly, uncertainly. Was it his heart? —From a story in the *Woman's Home Companion*.

Offhand, we'd say yes.

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the *Times*]

NEVADA, Mo. (AP)—Ray Buchanan tried all known methods of dissuading a setting hen without success. Finally he placed a tray of ice cubes under her. Still the hen sat.

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